

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1853.

PRACTICAL INFLUENCE OF INFIDELITY VS. THAT OF  
CHRISTIANITY.

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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THE maxim that, in relation to religious faith, "it matters little what a man thinks, if he acts right," is no less pernicious in influence than false in theory. Persons who receive such a maxim forget that our speculative notions exert a powerful influence in the formation of our characters and in the conduct of our lives. *As a man thinketh, so is he*, is a maxim whose import is but imperfectly understood and imperfectly appreciated. As a man *thinketh*, so does he become, not only in his character, but also in his life, his conduct, and his hopes. The *thought* forms the man. Speculative opinions are not, then, the harmless things that have been supposed. They are powerful for good or for evil; and as powerful in their bearings on society as on individuals.

The opinion was once prevalent that government had a right to exact conformity in all matters of religious faith and usage. This was a mere speculative opinion. But what were the consequences that grew out of it? They are depicted in traces of blood in the persecutions and atrocious acts of violence and oppression to which it has given rise. But a few centuries ago the speculative opinion prevailed throughout the civilized world, that negroes were, in relation to man, an inferior and distinct species, unendowed with the attributes of humanity. How wide-spread and lasting have been the results of that speculative opinion! Africa has been robbed of millions of her wretched sons, who have been doomed to all the horrors of a hopeless, life-long bondage. Denied the character and prerogatives of man, they have been hunted down like beasts of the forest; and even civilized and Christian nations have engaged in the unholy traffic without compunction or remorse. And still, perhaps, would the traffic have continued unchecked and unrebuked, but for the development and fuller comprehension of that other and truer speculative doctrine, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the

earth." But one example more. A few years since the opinion was set afloat by one of our distinguished statesmen, that "all men were born free and independent." That was a mere matter of belief—a speculative opinion. But how did its announcement startle, as by an electric shock, the whole nation! How did it arouse our forefathers, as one man, in the cause of liberty! How did that simple opinion—so simple—comprehended in so brief an expression—how did it set in motion a train of causes and effects, pregnant with the most glorious consequences to the human race! For three quarters of a century it has been the rallying word of freedom over half the globe. Tell us, then, no longer that it is no matter what a man believes. It often makes all the difference between a free man and a slave; between a Christian and an infidel; and, in its final results, all the difference between an angel of light and a fiend of darkness. Bunyan represents the Hill of Error as being "very steep on the farthest side," and Christian and Hopeful as beholding at its base the unburied bodies of those who had been "dashed in pieces" by their fall. This allegorical representation accords with all history and all experience; its elements are deeply laid in the very philosophy of our nature.

Indeed, we may lay it down as a proposition susceptible of the most rigid demonstration, if, indeed, it be not in itself too self-evident to require proof, that TRUTH IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL BOTH TO INDIVIDUALS AND TO SOCIETY, WHILE ERROR IS EQUALLY INJURIOUS TO BOTH. We do not mean to say that all truth is equally beneficial, or that all error is equally pernicious. That error in which a man is involved, who discovers only through the mistiness of some false theory the sunbeams of truth, and is thereby incited to its pursuit, is widely different from that whose influences are all counter to the truth. Nor will we say but what truth may sometimes *seem* to be prejudicial. But it is only a seeming and not a real prejudice. The Christian martyr who seals with his blood his testimony to the truth, may seem to be a sufferer in consequence of the truth. But it is only *seems*; it is not real. Did he not feel, even as his burning sinews grasped the martyr's stake, that for him to die, and to die *just*

so, was gain? Did he not, even while expiring amidst the burning flame, rejoice that he was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of the Lord Jesus? No, error can never be put in competition with truth, whatever may be the immediate consequences of either. As the pure gold is to be preferred to the counterfeit, so is truth to be preferred to error. Truth, wherever it may lead—whether into poverty or into the palace; into exile, chains, and bondage; while error stalks in pride and revels in luxury—still is truth, with all its seeming ills, better than error, with all its seeming good. The evil sometimes attendant upon truth is from without, is extrinsic, and not real; that which flows from error is legitimate. The votaries of truth suffer, but the blow falls upon them in spite of truth's defense; the votaries of error are stung by error itself.

This is the scale—that of experience, practical results—in which we would poise Christianity and infidelity. By its fruits Christianity is shown to be of God; Wisdom is justified by her children; it meets the wants and is adapted to the condition of man; it ennobles his whole character and elevates his condition. Tried by the same test, infidelity fails. The true moral element it wants; the germ of a depraved heart and a clouded intellect, its influence can not but be pernicious, its results ruinous.

The world will probably forever look to France as affording a full and fearful illustration of the practical folly of infidelity in a nation. There never was but one government that was professedly Atheistic; and the whole civilized world will, I am certain, join in the prayer to God that there may never be another. Voltaire and his associates sowed thickly the seeds of infidelity; and amid the moral corruptions of a profligate nation they shot forth into a rapid and luxuriant growth.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, the National Assembly appointed a committee to inquire and report whether there were or ought to be a God. This committee reported that a God in heaven was inconsistent with liberty on earth; and farther, that there was no God in heaven, and that death was an eternal sleep. We are not told how long the committee were in session, nor the process by which they reached their conclusion. The Assembly adopted the report, and thenceforth it became the voice of the nation. The Bible was burnt, the Sabbath abolished, and the worship of the goddess of Liberty, in the person of a vile woman, ordained. This was only the beginning of the drama; the closing scene was terrible beyond description. "It converted the most polished nation of Europe into a nation of fiends and furies, and the theater of voluptuous refinement into a stall of blood. The mighty Mind who governs the universe—whose being they had denied, whose word they had burned, whose worship they had abolished, whose protection they had denied, and whose wrath they had defied—withdraw his protection,

and gave them up. With the ferocity of famished tigers they fastened on each other's throats, and commenced the work of death." The scenes of horror and of woe which then ensued will be fully realized only in the great day of retribution. Those who should have been angels of mercy and ministers of justice seemed to be transformed into demons of wrath, whose bosoms were incapable of relenting or of pity. Rills of blood flowed down from the guillotine. Neither age nor sex were spared.

But what were these events more than the natural consequences of a system that renounces all responsibility, cuts off eternity from our view, and converts man into a brute? "What," exclaimed one of the actors in this drama of death, "what is it to kill a man? It is only just to change the direction of a few ounces of blood." It is estimated that during the reign of infidelity in France not less than five millions of lives were made a sacrifice. Who could wish such principles to become prevalent? "Not certainly the friend of humanity; and yet the very men who propagate them profess to be the friends of humanity, and laboring for the good of the race.

Let us place in contrast with these fruits of infidelity the fruits of Christianity. In the midst of the broad Pacific—seemingly on the very outskirts of the globe—lie clustered the group of the Sandwich Islands. A darker theater of barbarism, a more revolting scene of human degradation than these Islands once exhibited has probably never been revealed to the civilized world. In 1819 a small band of eight or ten individuals—protected by the thunder of no cannon, supported by no arm of secular power—sailed from a Christian port, in a distant part of the globe, to carry to these Islands the everlasting Gospel. Successfully they pursued their voyage, and at length reached the land selected as the scene of their future toils. What language can describe the scene of houseless poverty and of almost hopeless degradation that was before them!

Go and contemplate the result of missionary labors and the genuine fruit of Christianity in the scene presented now by these same Islands. You behold the ports thronged with ships from every nation and clime under heaven; signs of civilization—beautiful villages and healthful abodes are scattered all along their coasts. Behold the churches of the living God raising high their heaven-directed spires; while schools of learning, those nurseries of civilization and religion, are scattered abroad throughout the land. The hand of agriculture enriches and beautifies the country, and the appliances of art are every-where seen. Printing presses, too, are pouring out their rich treasures to nurture and enrich the mind. Christianity, in thirty years, wrought this transformation. Look upon the picture, and receive instruction.

Infidelity found France a great and powerful nation, with a system of government and of social

organization comprehensive and harmonious, and with a populous and thriving community; but in one brief campaign it succeeded in unsettling the very foundations of society, breaking down the government, producing the most hopeless anarchy, and drenching the land in blood. The effusion of blood was staid only by the combined forces of the allied Christian nations. Christianity found the Sandwich Islands in the most hopeless state of degradation, the light of the intellect almost extinct, the virtues of the heart almost eradicated, and the very form and uses of humanity almost lost. In the short space of twenty years, behold what a resurrection from the grave of moral pollution was wrought! Science and civilization, peace and happiness, domestic affection and family enjoyment overspreads the land. And even now they stand forth the coadjutor of Christian nations in benevolent and Christian enterprise.

Some have affected to tremble for the fate of Christianity in the portentous struggle, on the one hand, with the skepticism and intellectual pride of the arrogant and assuming, and on the other with the ribald buffoonery and blasphemous assaults of the open and scoffing infidel. But we say distinctly and emphatically, that we have no sympathy with such fears. Christianity has never yet sought sanction or support from sources such as these. It lives not by their permission, but in spite of their power. To doubt its perpetuity is to doubt its authenticity. To doubt the result of such a contest is to doubt the divinity of its origin, the vitality of its power, and the scope and grandeur of its mission. Infidels may assail, philosophical skeptics may endeavor to supplant, the ranting buffoon may pour the froth of his contempt, but the foundations of the Gospel are laid down in the great substratum of truth deeper than mortal power can reach. We repeat, then, we have no fears for Christianity. It is a feeble heart or an intellect already perverted that can question the final issue, severe as may be the conflict. Omnipotence must be shorn of its power and truth be divested of its virtue, before Christianity can fail. The sentiment was beautifully and truthfully expressed by the most venerable review in our country, that "as long as the instinctive belief in God, written on the human heart, remains unerasable—and though it may be obscured, it can never be erased; it is indelible, wrought into the very fiber, and texture, and life of man's being—as long as man remains capable of soberly appreciating the force and value of evidence; and so long as his moral and spiritual wants, his sense of dependence, his consciousness of sin and alienation, his longing for redemption and reconciliation, his aspirations after holiness and immortality, remain; so long Christianity must remain—remain to give consolation to affliction, peace to the conscience, a sure anchor to man's highest hopes; remain to raise the degraded, to purify the corrupt, to encourage the fallen, as well as always to keep a loftier goal

before the eyes of the most advanced in moral progress, the foremost in the spiritual race; remain to reform and regenerate human life and human society, by diffusing its pure and gentle spirit of self-denial and benevolence, adding to the natural and ordinary restraints from wrong and motives to duty the sanctions of religious truth and future retribution."

## HARRIET NEWELL.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

THE first American heroine of the missionary enterprise was born at Haverhill, Mass., October 10, 1793. Her maiden name was Atwood. In 1806, while at school at Bradford, she became deeply impressed with the importance of religion; and at the age of sixteen she joined the Church. On the 9th of February, 1812, Harriet Atwood married the Rev. Samuel Newell, missionary to the Burman empire; and in the same month Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, for India. On the arrival of the missionaries at Calcutta, they were ordered to leave by the East India Company; and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked for the Isle of France. Three weeks before reaching the island she became the mother of a child, which died in five days. On the 30th of November, seven weeks and four days after her confinement, Mrs. Harriet Newell, at the age of twenty, expired, far from her home and her friends.

She was one of the first females who ever went from this country as a missionary; and she was the first who died as a martyr to the cause of missions. That there is a time, even in the season of youth and flush of hope, when it is "better to die than to live," even to attain one wish for this world, Harriet Newell is an example. Her most earnest wish was to do good for the cause of Christ, and be of service in teaching the Gospel to the heathen. Her early death has apparently done this, better and more effectually than the longest life and the most arduous labors of any one of the noble band of American women who have gone forth on this errand of love and hope. In the language of a recent writer on this subject—"Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise"—Harriet Newell was the great proto-martyr of American missions. She fell, wounded by death, in the very vestibule of the sacred cause. Her memory belongs, not to the body of men who sent her forth, not to the denomination to whose creed she had subscribed, but to the Church, to the cause of missions. With the torch of truth in her hand, she led the way down into the valley of darkness, through which many have followed. Her work was short, her toil soon ended; but she fell cheering, by her dying words and her high example, the missionaries of

all coming time. She was the first, but not the only martyr. Heathen lands are dotted over with the graves of fallen Christians; missionary women sleep on almost every shore, and the bones of some are whitening in the depths of the ocean.

Never will the influence of the devoted woman whose life and death are here portrayed be estimated properly, till the light of an eternal day shall shine on all the actions of men. We are to measure her glory, not by what she suffered, for others have suffered more than she did. But we must remember that she went out when the missionary enterprise was in its infancy—when even the best of men looked upon it with suspicion. The tide of opposition she dared to stem, and with no example, no predecessor from American shores, she went out to rend the vail of darkness which gathered over all the nations of the east.

Things have changed since then. Our missionaries go forth with the approval of all the good; and the odium which once attended such a life is swept away. It is, to some extent, a popular thing to be a missionary, although the work is still one of hardship and suffering. It is this fact which gathers such a splendor around the name of Harriet Newell, and invests her short, eventful life with such a charm. She went when no foot had trodden out the path, and was the first American missionary ever called to an eternal reward. While she slumbers in her grave, her name is mentioned with affection by a missionary Church. And thus it should be. She has set us a glorious example; she has set an example to the Church in every land and age, and her name will be mingled with the loved ones who are falling year by year; and if, when the glad millennium comes, and the earth is converted to God, some crowns brighter than others shall be seen amid the throng of the ransomed, one of those crowns will be found upon the head of Harriet Newell.

"History is busy with us," said Maria Antoinette; and the hope that her heroic endurance of ignominy and suffering would be recorded, and insure the pity and admiration of a future age, doubtless, nerved her to sustain the dignity of a queen throughout the deep tragedy of her fate.

The noblest heroism of a woman is never thus self-conscious. The greatest souls, those who elevate humanity and leave a track of light—"as stars go down"—when passing away from earth, never look back for the brightness. A woman with such a soul is absorbed in her love for others and in her duty toward God. She does what she can, feeling constantly how small is the mite she gives; and the worth which is afterward discovered to bear would, probably, astonish the giver far more than it does the world.

Harriet Newell died at the early age of twenty, leaving a journal and a few letters, the record of her religious feelings and the events of her short missionary life. These fragments have been published, making a little book. Such is her contri-

bution to literature; yet this small work has been and is now of more importance to the intellectual progress of the world than all the works of Madame de Stael. The writings of Harriet Newell, translated into several tongues, and published in many editions, have reached the heart of society, and assisted to build up the throne of woman's power, even the moral influence of her sex over men; and their intellect can never reach its highest elevation but through the medium of moral cultivation.—*Woman's Record.*

#### LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE is full of instruction, because it is the embodiment, the incarnation, if I may so speak, of the feelings, and thoughts, and experiences of a nation, yea, often of many nations, and of all which through centuries they have attained to and won. It stands like the pillars of Hercules, to mark how far the moral and intellectual conquests of mankind have advanced, only not like those pillars, fixed and immovable, but ever itself advancing with the progress of these; nay more—itself a great element of that advance; for "language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests." The mighty moral instincts which have been working in the popular mind have found therein their unconscious voice; and the single kinglier spirits that have looked deeper into the heart of things have oftentimes gathered up all they have seen into some one word, which they have launched upon the world, and with which they have enriched it forever—making in that new word a new region of thought to be henceforward in some sort the common heritage of all. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing, as the lightning. "Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight; they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion." And for all these reasons far more and mightier in every way is a language than any one of the works which may have been composed in it. For that work, great as it may be, is but the embodying of the mind of a single man, this of a nation. The Iliad is great, yet not so great in strength, or power, or beauty as the Greek language. Paradise Lost is a noble possession for a people to have inherited, but the English tongue is a nobler heritage yet. It is an inheritance enriched by the truth and toil of former generations—a pregnant storehouse of unconscious wisdom.—*Trench on the Study of Words.*



LINES WRITTEN ON MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY JOSEPHINE A. PAYNE.

COME, mother, lay aside your book,  
 And talk awhile with me;  
 'Tis dreary thus to sit alone,  
 No answering glance to see.  
 Come, tell me of the days gone by  
 On childhood's rosy wings;  
 And tell what means this gloomy veil  
 Which fate around me flings.  
 Sweet infancy, where hast thou fled?  
 Where is thy lily form?  
 O, wilt thou never more return,  
 Thou angel of the morn?  
*Eighteen!* the time is very short,  
 And yet it seems so long,  
 Since first I twined the early flowers,  
 And wakened childhood's song.  
 And yet last night I heard a song,  
 When in the land of dreams;  
 E'en now it gently bears me on  
 Adown life's shaded streams.  
 O days of youth, how fast ye fly!  
 The shadow of thy wing  
 Flits o'er my face, like passing clouds,  
 Now even while I sing.  
 How sweetly sleep the beautiful  
 Within their narrow beds!  
 No storm of life, with chilling breath,  
 Can howl around their heads.  
 Ere spring came eighteen times, with urn  
 Brimful of rosy dew,  
 Death laid them in their sheltered beds  
 Beneath the sable yew.  
 How many springs will come and go,  
 Laden with dew and flowers,  
 Ere I shall glide into the grave,  
 And quit this world of ours?  
 O, will the curtains of the sky  
 Be spread above my grave,  
 When in the crystal fount of love  
 My weary soul I lave?  
 I wonder if the flowers will bloom  
 Above my lonely home,  
 And shed their fragrance on the air  
 Sweetly in years to come.  
 I wonder if a bird will come,  
 When evening steals along,  
 And, from its little heaving breast,  
 Pour forth its plaintive song.  
 Now shadows fall upon my soul:  
 Forever let them rest;  
 Yes, let my soul forever be  
 In sable mantles drest;  
 The joyous light of sweet eighteen  
 I can not, can not know;  
 My life is shrouded o'er with grief  
 And melancholy woe.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. P. A. BAKER.

Thy life hath been a sunny life;  
 But now, alas! 'tis past—  
 Like morning's rosy tinted dawn,  
 Too pure and sweet to last.  
 Thy life hath been a sunny life,  
 Without one shade of care;  
 Sorrow ne'er rested on thy brow  
 To leave its impress there.  
 Thou wast a heavenly visitant,  
 Pure as the opening lily bell,  
 Upon an earthly mission sent,  
 'Mid loving hearts to dwell.  
 For this I deem, my angel babe,  
 Thy cherished form was given—  
 To win on earth a mother's love,  
 Then bear that love to heaven.  
 Thy form was faultless, but it bore  
 The impress of an early doom—  
 A tiny bud too frail and fair  
 For aught of earthly bloom.  
 A heavenly beauty was bestowed  
 On thy sweet corse, my love:  
 O, was it not that I might know  
 My seraph babe above?  
 Methinks I see thee still, my child,  
 As when we laid thee down to rest,  
 Thy white robe folded round thy form,  
 Thy hands clasped o'er thy breast.  
 A smile was on thy placid lips,  
 Thy brow was pure and fair,  
 When o'er thy lifeless form I bowed,  
 And breathed a mother's prayer:  
 That thou might be my angel guide  
 In life's dark scenes to come—  
 Might meet me on death's dreary shores,  
 And guide me safely home.  
 A few more years, and I may meet  
 My loved and lost on Canaan's shore,  
 Where parting scenes are never known,  
 And grief doth heave the breast no more.

HIDDEN GREATNESS.

COMPUTE the chances

And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times  
 Who wins the race of glory, but than him  
 A thousand men, more gloriously endowed,  
 Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others  
 Have had their fortunes founded by a chance,  
 While lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add  
 A smaller tally of the singular few,  
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
 Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.  
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

## ROSEMERE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

IN this age of change and hurry, when railroads are laid out through our cellars, and telegraph wires threaten to invade our attics, it is refreshing to light on some little corner of the earth where all things apparently remain as they were "when the fathers fell asleep."

Such a place is the little village of Rosemere; and when a few years ago it became our residence, we remember well how we seemed to leave the great busy world far behind, and to drink in at once the spirit of repose that pervaded the place. To be sure, when day after day passed and the same tranquil quietude prevailed, when the hush of the Sabbath seemed unbroken all through the week, we did sometimes sigh for the dear old noise and confusion that betokened the presence of active life; but we knew nothing of *ennui*. The varied charms of nature and the ceaseless duties of our station united to exclude from our dwelling so unwelcome a visitor.

Many called the scenery rough, because of its mountainous ridges; but its rude crags overhung deep green valleys, and the rocky beds of the streams were bordered by an endless variety of wild flowers and shrubs, and shaded by the majestic trees of the forest.

Our parish was extensive, with a very moderate sprinkling of parishioners, other denominations forming the bulk of the sparse population. They came to church from every point of the compass; and our rides to and from their residences gave us a thorough acquaintance with the entire region. Some lived so very high among the hills that we seemed to be riding straight up into the skies to visit them. We found these aerial excursions exceedingly airy and cool when facing the biting blasts of winter; but they only served to enhance the value of the warm welcome that awaited us. Some lived far down in the low dells or stony ravines, perfectly secluded, shut in among the towering mountains. The roads to them were rough and irregular; in many places appearing to a stranger perilously near the edges of giddy precipices. They were just wide enough for a single carriage, making no provision whatever for the rare occasion of two carriages meeting. We thought little of the rude joltings inseparable from our rides; for we were noting the exquisite features of the ever-changing landscape, and to us there was no sameness in its rugged beauty.

About three miles from Rosemere, among the primeval trees and crags of a nearly impassable region of country, was a cluster of small houses, completely isolated in appearance from the rest of "all creation." It was a little world by itself, but somehow or other it was a part of our parish, too. There were no meetings for the worship of God, except on our periodical visitations, when the

word of life was expounded to them in a little school-house, that was almost hidden in the dense forest that crowded up close to it on all sides. How well I remember the clear moonlight evenings, when every tree seemed multiplied tenfold by its own quivering shadows, and when our songs of praise, swelling up on the still, pure air, seemed sweeter and richer for the wild loneliness of the place! We formed a Sabbath school for the children. It was held at five o'clock in the afternoon during the long summer days, and all the children of the place availed themselves of its privileges. They came with clean, shining faces and nicely combed hair; and though most of them were shoeless and jacketless, and all were wholly innocent of any knowledge of fashionable attire, they came hugging their precious books, their round, chubby faces and bright eyes full of interest and pleasure. Who knows how many embryo senators, orators, and presidents even, were lurking in that little barefooted group?

The little village of Rosemere was to its inhabitants the capital of the world, the center of the earth. They universally admitted it to be the peg on which the world turned round. Its shrewd politicians, when contemplating the disastrous results of a Rosemere town meeting, often trembled for the fate of the glorious Union then and there placed in jeopardy. But it was a capital town in other respects. It had its aristocracy, its middle strata, and its under crust of society. Considering the scarcity of people, it was really wonderful that they were classified at all; yet the separating lines were so distinctly drawn that the occasional stranger, though a fool, never erred therein. *There* also flourished the ancient tavern, with its regiment of toppers eternally airing or sunning themselves in the broad piazza, and serving for a sign to the establishment. Lawyers thrived there, as none but lawyers can thrive on the shadow of business, and by their ability succeeded generally in utterly confounding both their clients and themselves. Doctors drove through the street in hot haste to visit imaginary patients, and returned to coax a scanty subsistence out of their sterile farms. An Odd Fellows Lodge—with a branch of Odd Ladies, who were learning the art of secrecy—was in full blast; and a lyceum was established, where harmless pop-guns of satire and wit were let off twice a week for the space of a whole winter. Yet none of these disturbed the quiet of the place. Except as politicians, they were a perfectly immovable people. Sudden deaths occurred: a citizen was found nearly dead by the roadside, with marks of abuse on his person, but the people remained tranquil, and his funeral excited no attention. Such dignified composure in the most trying circumstances is surely a great attainment, and in all our various travels we have found none who could in this respect compete with the inhabitants of Rosemere. Well would it be for reader and writer could both always maintain the same enviable disposition.

## EARLY PIETY.

BY REV. J. R. ANDERSON.

"Yes! I will be pious," said a little girl of twelve years of age; "I will give my heart to my Savior;" and in a short time she was bowed down at the foot of the cross in humble prayer. A large congregation were present, who witnessed the sublime spectacle, and angels joyously gazed on the scene; but an aged sinner, with his white, thin locks, and a young man, with his bright eyes and stout, active frame, looked on, and smiled contemptuously. I thought I heard them say, "A mere child! certainly, she is too young for so great an undertaking." I said nothing; but the words of Jesus came to my mind, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." And I asked myself, "Can a little child be too young to love his Savior?"

There had been a sermon preached on that evening, and it had been in "the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." He was no mean instrument either through whom the Lord had spoken, but one whose praise has been long in the Churches. Multitudes ere that time had hung with rapture upon his lips, while the living word had thrilled through their hearts. He was, indeed, a polished shaft in the Almighty's quiver. I will not write his name here. It is, however, recorded on many hearts; and could it now be seen, many would say of this preacher, "He is the minister through whom we believed." Yet "from a child he had known the Scriptures." He first loved Christ when a little boy.

How many ministers of Christ owe their position on the walls of Zion to youthful piety! Samuel, Jeremiah, and Timothy have always had their successors; and these, like John, have been disciples "whom Jesus loved." They who mocked at the little girl in prayer had been but recently listening to messages of salvation, as they had been delivered by several preachers of the Gospel. They did not think of it, nor, perhaps, know of it, but every one of these had obeyed their Creator—had remembered him in the days of his youth. Now what a contrast! These had become able ministers of the new covenant, while they had not even become parties to it, and the soul of one of them, at least, was now drawing near to death.

I came home, and opened my journal to make an entry in it. I glanced over its pages, and my eye fell upon these words: "I saw one person who was rejoicing in hope, through a happy experience of the favor of God, to which she had been brought under my ministry." Poor Catharine! Her father was not pious, nor mother, nor sisters. It was somewhat strange that she should be won to Jesus, and be the first to love him of all the family. But thus it was. While older persons slighted the offers of grace, and turned their backs on the cross,

she fell at the feet of the Crucified, and sued for mercy. She obtained it. It was a joyful hour for her. A new life was diffused through her spirit, and, like the eunuch, she went on her way rejoicing. It was winter then; but from that time, in rain, and snow, and tempest, and cold, when the hour of worship was approaching, she might be seen on her way to the house of God. It is required of stewards that they be faithful, and thus was she. In the spring I left that Church, which was her spiritual birthplace, and found a field of labor somewhere else. Catharine remained at home, a youthful and lone disciple; but the hearts of the family softened, and they began to learn of that meek and lowly lamb, and to think upon her divine Shepherd. She saw the spring leaves and blossoms, and the green fields, the murmuring rills then so gladly and freely flowing, the rising corn, and the bright blue sky. She heard the carols of the birds, and felt the soft breathings of the gentle breezes. No doubt she was happy; for she who could rejoice in December might well be glad some in May. And she was happy in summer, too; but then came the destroyer, who

"Found strange beauty on her polished brow,  
And dashed it out."

Her body was a wreck when I again saw her, from which the immortal passenger was just preparing to take leave, with Christ, for the eternal shore. The outward tabernacle was falling to decay; but its happy tenant was calmly waiting for the house in heaven—the better building of its God. It was grateful to the dying girl to be visited by her former pastor, and grateful to him to speak and pray with her before she died. God who had often heard our prayers before, heard them then. Every heart was softened, and every eye filled with tears. The handmaid of her Savior was enabled to say, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" Storms and tempests are visiting us now. Winter has come again; but she hears not the whistling winds nor the pelting rains; she sees not the hail, and snow, and frost, nor feels the piercing cold. She dwells in a milder clime. The meek lamb is concealed in the bosom of her Shepherd.

I shall never forget Fanny Tucker. For more than five years she has been in the grave, silently and sweetly sleeping, and in heaven, loving and praising God, with the angels. I might have seen her in the streets and the church before, but the first time I knew her was during her last illness. I went into her room. Her widowed mother and youthful brother were present. She fixed her eyes on me when I approached her, and, in her sweet and feeble voice, she said, "I want to tell you what the Lord hath done for me. He hath forgiven all my sins. I am not now afraid to die." Dear girl! she "walked through the valley of the shadow of death and feared no evil, for her Shepherd was with her. His rod and staff, they comforted her."

It was no longer since than yesterday that I visited a happy daughter of affliction. She is quite

youthful, and had just been married, when she was attacked with a sickness, which has confined her to her bed for nearly two years, and now forbids the hope of even a partial recovery. Upon entering her room, I inquired into the state of her health. She replied, "I am somewhat better to-day. I awoke this morning early before the family were up, and was constrained to sing. I want to sing all the time," continued she, "but can not. A verse or two are all that my strength will admit of." "Do you suffer much pain?" I asked. "O, yes!" said she, "and medicine will do it no good; but I am happy, and had rather die than lose my religious enjoyment." "But do you expect to recover?" "Sometimes I do, though I do not particularly desire to." Presently she sang this chorus, with an appropriate verse,

"A little longer here below,  
And then I shall to glory go."

But she could not sing much, though there was a sweetness, an almost celestial melody in her voice. I thought of the fabled singing of the dying swan, but recollected it was only fabled. Nothing in nature can close its life with songs but the Christian believer, whose rapturous gaze of faith rests on the heavenly world—his future home. She was quite exhausted after her effort, and lay for some time without apparently noticing any thing in the room. Presently I stepped out to a room adjoining, and seated myself with the family, but was soon surprised by hearing her sweet voice again. She sang, together with a delightful chorus, these remarkable words.

"There is no pain in heaven."

Some time afterward, upon entering her chamber, I asked how long she had enjoyed religion. I was struck with her reply. It was, "Ever since I was twelve years of age; and I can remember that time now, and all about it." She referred to the time of her conversion, and she remembered it. Well she might. Her youthful piety is now softening her bed and smoothing her pillow. She gave her heart to Christ almost as soon as she was capable of bestowing it; and now that dear heavenly Friend is more to her than sisters, and brothers, and parents, yea, and husband, too. These are all kind, but their comforts external; his are the comforts of the soul: theirs are human; his are divine. She loves all these, and would stay with them; but yet has rather a desire to depart, and be with Him, which is far better. How she rejoiced while partaking of the emblems of his death! She shouted his praise! Her faith heard him say, "Because I live, ye shall live also." She afterward said, "I have a 'farewell song,' which I sing for my friends. It is one which my mother changed from a missionary hymn to suit my case." And she sang these words; they were all that she could:

"Yes! my native home, I love thee—  
All thy joys, I loved them well;  
Friends, connections, happy fam'ly,  
I can leave you all! farewell!"

Will you meet me, will you meet me,  
In a better world to dwell!"

I was pleased with this first verse, and, therefore, begged of the family the favor of the whole hymn. The following are its remaining verses:

"Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Sabbath days I've loved so well;  
They to me were a rich treasure,  
Yet I bid them all farewell!  
I can leave them, I can leave them:  
Lovely scenes and days, farewell!  
Yes! I hasten from you gladly—  
From the friends I love so well;  
Far above, ye angels, bear me.  
Loving friends, a long farewell!  
Pleased I leave you, pleased I leave you:  
Fading earth and friends, farewell!  
Christ hath suffered to redeem me,  
To save me from a burning hell;  
And I with him shall live in glory,  
And th' bless'd theme forever tell.  
I am happy, I am happy:  
I shall go with Christ to dwell!"

My duties now calling me away, I took my leave of this afflicted and happy family, perhaps to see the suffering one no more forever.

Gentle reader, art thou a mother? It is no mean trust thou hast in charge. Thy dear children are not all thine own. Thy blessed Savior claims them. Perhaps some of them he has already taken. Thou sawest the buds, but he beholds the blossoms, as they bloom in his presence. He saw that thy children were lovely, and he said to thee, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not." And, surely, if thou hast not withheld those whom he hath called by death, neither wilt thou those whom he calls by his Spirit. Lead thy sons and thy daughters to the cross, and render to their Savior those whom he hath purchased with his own blood. He hath need for them both for earth and for heaven.

But it may be that thou art youthful—quite a child, or just arrived at manhood or womanhood. The sun of life hath hitherto shone brightly over thee—and long may it! The Lord, in mercy, grant that but few tempests may assail thee, and but few clouds obscure thy sky! Still, however bright, and beautiful, and lovely this world may be, it is not thy home. Heaven has been fitted up for thee; and in that better country lives thy once crucified and now risen Savior, and he asks this question, "Lovest thou me?" This is the condition upon which he will become thy friend and thy brother, and, on the last day, say unto thee, "Come, thou blessed of my Father." It is needful that thou who art in the midst of his enemies shouldst love him; it is needful for his sake, for thy sake, and for the sake of others. It will please him when he hath made a conquest of thy heart; it will make thy soul joyful in the house of this pilgrimage, and even in death's dark valley; and thy love for him may cause others to love him, too, for thou mayest yet arise to be a mother in Israel, or a watchman on the walls of Zion.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. DRAKE.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

THE year 1852 is noted for the death of great men. It has sealed the eyes of few greater than Daniel Drake. In 1827, when the writer commenced the study of medicine, Dr. Drake both stood confessedly at the head of his profession in the west, and occupied a high rank among philanthropists and men of letters. He had founded the Medical College of Ohio, established a scientific and medical journal, distinguished himself as a professor in the Medical Department of Transylvania University, published his "Picture of Cincinnati," stamped his character on many of the aspiring youth of our country, and sent his name abroad on several valuable and well-written essays, either on medical topics or kindred ones. Cincinnati is largely indebted to him both for her fame and her prosperity.

Among the articles from his pen, which at that early day I had met with, were his sketch of Dr. Hines, of Kentucky, his review of a case of murder tried in the Supreme Court of Ohio, hints on medical education, and speculations concerning the *modus operandi* of medicines. He was a western man in education, habits, and feelings. Though a native of New Jersey—where he was born, 1785—he was reared in the woods of Kentucky, the chivalrous spirit of whose pioneer sons he had early imbibed. His preparatory education must have been very limited, for the west had but few educational facilities at that early period. He commenced the study of medicine in his sixteenth year, at the opening of the present century, in the office of Dr. Goforth, of Cincinnati, in which city he ran his whole career; for although he lectured successively at Lexington, Philadelphia, and Louisville, he always turned to Cincinnati as his home. In May, 1831, while the law regulating the practice of medicine and surgery in the state of Ohio was in force, I received, as secretary of one of the district medical societies, the following characteristic letter, which shows at once his attachment to our state, from which he could not be driven either by injustice or ingratitude, and his perseverance, which neither opposition nor misfortune could subdue:

"CINCINNATI, May 6, 1831.

"To the Physicians resident in the Twenty-Third Medical District of Ohio:

"GENTLEMEN,—It must be known to such of you as have long resided in the state of Ohio, that in the year 1819 I had the honor to obtain from the General Assembly an act of incorporation for a medical college in this city: it is also generally known that circumstances, which at this late period I shall not recount, separated me unwillingly from the infant institution, and united me successively with two other schools in Lexington and Philadelphia.

"During my sojourn abroad, however, I could not forget that Ohio was my home; and having been the first to project a medical institution within her lim-

its, I felt myself at liberty to resume medical instruction on the spot where I had begun it. By the accompanying circular you will perceive that I have, at length, had the good fortune to acquire a body of associates, most of whom are experienced and eminent professors. Both they and myself are deeply impressed with the value of your respect and patronage; and I beg leave to say, that we shall labor unceasingly to deserve the former as the only honorable means of acquiring the latter.

"We have asked nothing from the Miami University—from the state—from society—from or of the existing institution in this city. We are creating and collecting, with our own private means, the material requisite to our enterprise: and relying on nothing but our own exertions, they will, of course, be such as can scarcely fail to be beneficial to those who may become our pupils, and must contribute something to the general advancement of the profession in the west.

"As a fellow-citizen of Ohio, I take the liberty of soliciting your individual confidence and support toward a project which I shall continue zealously, if not ably, to prosecute for the remainder of my life.

"I have the honor to be, respectfully,

"Your obt. serv't.,

"DAN. DRAKE."

Some things in this letter can hardly be understood without an inkling of Cincinnati medical politics, which, by the way, would make a very curious chapter. One particular only can be referred to here. At a meeting of the Faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, at which three members were present—Dr. Drake presiding—one gentleman made a motion that the presiding officer be expelled; the other seconded it. Dr. Drake, as in duty bound, put it, and, of course, it carried; after which he left the chair, made his bow, and retired. With all the Doctor's talent, he seemed to lack the ability to control men; he had but little cunning—that resource of weak minds. Had he been Aristomenes, he would not have escaped to the fortress of Ira; for he could not have followed the tracks of a fox. Perhaps he was ambitious—well, he was ambitious to be eminently useful; perhaps he was headstrong and uncompromising; perhaps he was impatient at seeing colleagues, from whom he had hoped much, doing comparatively little to advance the interests of the institution or of the profession to which they belonged. Certain it is that he had difficulties and antagonists wherever he went. Sanguine and energetic, he was himself an unsparing adversary. Woe to the man, sooner or later, to whom he directed his ire. He had wit, argument, satire in abundance, and a dauntless, relentless spirit of pursuit. It has been said that he sometimes, under strong provocation, used the *ad hominem* without the *argumentum*. But this, perhaps, is apocryphal. Well do I know, however, from the manner in which he talked of a duel that was arranged between a certain professor and a

certain non-professor, but which the magistrate luckily *exploded* before the pistols were loaded, that he had "*combaticeness*" pretty well developed. Although the Doctor had foes, he never failed to have *friends*, whom he could command to almost any extent.

His manners were remarkably engaging. I know a clergyman, having no claims upon him further than an introduction, who was so kindly treated by him that he remembers him with gratitude to this day. The Doctor, having taken him by the hand, set him at ease at once; and, after a short and pleasant interview, as the clergyman arose to depart, the Doctor seized him by the hand, as if he had been an old acquaintance, and said, "Let me see you this evening to tea. Dr. B., of Oxford, will sup with me, and I expect a few friends to meet him. Will you make one of the number?" According to his invitation, the young clergyman called in the afternoon, and found, to his surprise, many of the magnates of the land. Being but a youth, a clergyman, a Methodist, the only Methodist in company, and being dressed according to the strictest sect of Methodists, he felt no little embarrassment. Formerly he had been something of a dandy, but no sooner had he united with the Church than his beloved brethren disrobed him of his usual guise, and arrayed him in their most approved clerical habit, made, however, in the most *disapproved* manner, so that it called forth many a humorous remark from his former friends—a circumstance which, while it increased his embarrassment in company, did not prevent him from being an obedient son in the Gospel. He remembered that St. Paul said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth;" and he inferred, if decent clothing make my brother to offend, etc. The Doctor did not fail to observe his uneasiness, and took special pains to allay it, directing his conversation especially to him, till he made him forget every thing in his own gratification.

In personal appearance the Doctor was not imposing. He was of medium height, rather slender, but compactly built, with muscular, agile limbs; his face had coarse and expressive features; his head was long and his forehead low. It appeared lower, however, than it actually was, from two circumstances—one was that his curly auburn hair grew low down toward his eyebrows; another was the full development of what phrenologists call the organs of perception. From this region his head rose with a gentle slope till you reached the crown, where the organs that strengthen all the rest, to speak phrenologically, sat upon a massive throne. He dressed in a plain though neat manner. I never saw him wear ornaments of any description, nor even use a cane. He walked generally with rapidity; and as he pressed through the thronged streets, he would hardly be taken by any one for a man of consequence.

His social qualities were remarkable. His ac-

quaintance being extensive, his threshold was often crossed by guests, whom he always treated hospitably—nobly. Indeed, his house was almost always open; and whenever a notable stranger was in the city, it was usually the scene of a party. On several of these occasions it was my good fortune to make one of the number. It was one of the Doctor's weaknesses not to count the cost. Although he always had a leading and lucrative practice, and during the latter half of his fifty years' professional service added the avails of a professorship to his fees, he never became rich. He was not one of those doctors who count the fees more carefully than the pulse. Addition did not seem to enter into his pecuniary calculations—if, indeed, he ever made any—and the only rule of arithmetic in which he appeared skillful was reduction. This is a peculiarity which often attaches to greatness but rarely to littleness. It is gratifying to learn that toward the close of life he was much more agreeably situated, and that he left behind him a comfortable home. Perhaps this was owing to the fact, that in later years, as he traveled abroad considerably, he had fewer opportunities of displaying his magnificent hospitality and noble generosity. It may be, too, that his former embarrassments had learned him a lesson of prudence, though he did not seem inclined to that species of instruction; his mind was too much absorbed, and his hand too near his heart. Indeed, I think he felt somewhat like Carlyle, who says, "Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinely, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, saying, 'That, away; thy doom is that!'"

On occasions of ingathering at his mansion the Doctor appeared to be the happiest of the happy. He, however, never indulged in levity, but, with all the radiations of his cheerfulness and the flashes of his wit, maintained a becoming dignity: he appeared to illumine every one who came within the light of his countenance. On one occasion, which is fresh in my memory, in the winter of 1836, he invited the professors and pupils of both the medical schools—Ohio Medical College and Cincinnati College—together with the lawyers, judges, doctors, etc., of the city. His double parlor and hall were well filled; few, if any, pretended to sit. We were distributed into little groups, according to elective affinity. In one corner, as I learned, there was placed, after I left, a buckeye stump, to call forth a species of oratory peculiar to western genius—a kind, too, in which few men could excel the Doctor himself. In due time the company moved, as best they could, to an adjoining room, where a splendid supper was in waiting. As there were no ladies to soften the intercourse of the party, except the beautiful misses—now, I am told, sage matrons—who poured the coffee, it was somewhat surprising that good order and good feeling were preserved to the close. None but a *genius* presiding could have prevented occasional

outbursts of unpleasant feeling. Those will appreciate this remark who know any thing of the *genus irritabile* of which the party was chiefly composed. Dr. Drake had just brought into existence the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College; the jealousy of the Ohio Medical College was at its height; the students of the different schools sympathized with their respective professors; the medical societies were debating doctrinal points in relation to which the different colleges in the city took opposite sides. Well, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth *will* speak, and there must be in these groups unpleasant altercations. But the Doctor will interpose. Here he is, coming toward a group rather larger than the rest, who have gathered around two disputants that have grown warm in debate. Having gently made his way to the contending parties, the Doctor stands a moment, with smiling countenance, and seeing a Dr. Woolley opposite to him, he takes one of the disputants by the arm, and nodding to Dr. Woolley, says, "You take that gentleman under your *wool*, and I will take this one under my *feathers*." The group joined in the hearty laugh, and, as the Doctor moved off with his willing captive, one cried out, "I hope you will hatch him out a young Drake." "Nay, nay," replied the Doctor, "a young *eagle*." In this way the presiding genius kept order in the midst of confusion, and harmony in the midst of strife. I have often contrasted such exhibitions of his power with the storms that he is said to have raised around him in the colleges with which he was connected, though, doubtless, these have been greatly exaggerated.

He was a man of very extensive information and unceasing application. In mathematics I have no doubt he was well educated. In the languages he had, I suppose, respectable attainments. I have been told that he studied the Latin grammar after he entered upon practice, and devoted to it regularly the spare moments during which he waited for his meals. He did not, however, value languages very highly; he was wont to say, "We need *minds*, rather than *tongues*, in the medical profession." In the natural sciences he was a master; and his composition shows him to have been versed in belles-lettres. All his accomplishments were probably due to his own unaided exertions. The only charge which I ever heard brought against him was, that, instead of confining his attention strictly to his profession, he extended his researches over the whole domain of science. It were well, as he once shrewdly observed, if such a charge could be brought against some other members of the profession, whose walks, to say the least, are none too extensive. He was a foe to all narrow-mindedness. He was at home any where in nature, of which he was a fond observer—in science, in poetry, in philosophy, in the practical arts and the fine arts. Hence, his conversation was remarkably interesting to almost every one with whom he met.

Although devoted to his profession, he did not

neglect the general interests of society. Few men had more public spirit. He was among the most able and earnest champions of the temperance cause. To no man, not even Dr. Beecher himself, is that cause in the west more indebted. Disconnected with the clergy, and a leading member of a most influential profession, his words told with irresistible effect upon the masses. Nor was his eloquence addressed to the populace alone. At an early day he delivered an address on temperance before the Legislature of Ohio, which, being published and distributed by the members of that body, contributed greatly to enlighten all classes. The mode in which he treats the subject is so philosophical, the illustrations are so impressive, and the argumentation is so clear, that it could not fail to carry conviction to every candid reader. It is not the less valuable, in a certain circle, because it is confined chiefly to the physiological causes and consequences of this sin, and its temporal bearings upon individuals and national character and happiness. Some time during the winter of 1836, if I err not, at a meeting called to consider the propriety of a railroad connection with the Atlantic at Charleston, S. C., I found among the chief advocates of the measure Dr. Drake and General Harrison. Many of the leading capitalists of the city looked with jealousy upon the proposition; and, as it was understood to be a favorite with Dr. Drake, he was looked to for answers to the objections which the jealousy had conjured up. He was called for toward the close of the meeting by general request, and dispersed the opposition—horse, foot, and dragons. He subsequently attended the Knoxville Convention—the salient point of those movements which will soon connect the Ohio with the southern Atlantic seaboard, and enable the north and the south to exchange fruits in a few hours. In the College of Teachers he was a leading spirit, taxing his energies, in the most busy season of the year, to prepare addresses or reports for it, or to participate in its discussions.

As a writer Dr. Drake stands in the first rank. His matter is always important; and considering how much he wrote, this is no small praise. His style is generally vigorous and neat, and often elegant; he expresses truth clearly, and by his lively fancy often throws an irresistible fascination around the most repulsive theme. It is not a little remarkable, considering how the Doctor was educated, that his pages frequently sparkle with tasteful classical allusions. To illustrate these observations, I introduce a few quotations from a semi-professional review of some works on physical education.

Of stimulating drinks he says: "Students commit upon their physical systems the most deplorable outrages with these fascinating stimulants. No other drinks impart such excitement to the feelings and faculties of the mind. To the sprightly they are nectar; to the dull, the waters of Pierus—who under their influence rise like Dedalus, and soar for an hour on the wings of genius."

Of absurdities in dress he says: "Did our daughters escape from the trammels of fashion when they escape from their leading strings, one source of our professional income would be dried up. But fortunately for the faculty, a time arrives when, fascinated by fashion, as the sparrow by the serpent, they yield themselves up, and walk deliberately into new shackles, prepared and brandished to their view by maternal affection. Now comes the bed of Procrustes—not, however, to bring all our daughters to the same length, but the same breadth. The shaft of the animated column must be compressed in the middle; its proportions improved, till it shall approach the *beau ideal* of the *beau monde*, and captivate the *beaux*. What does it signify if the stomach, lungs, and heart, like plants sprouting beneath logs and stones, should germinate in new and unnatural directions, or be arrested in their growth, or fall into disease—will not the end justify the means? Who would not prefer sickness and premature death to the criticisms of the *haut ton*?" This extract has been extended to give you a specimen of his delicate railery.

Touching irregularities in sleep he says: "The ambitious and excitable should not be permitted to abridge the necessary hours of sleep for the prosecution of their class studies. They should never sit up to a late hour for this purpose. They study much better, and with less injury to the constitution, in the morning than at night. To retire early and rise early is the law and inclination of childhood, which the usages of society frequently contravene. Young men devoted to study frequently perpetrate the same violation, and never escape the penalty—weak, watery, and inflamed eyes, headaches, indigestion, or irritability. The emulous youth should be admonished that he can not scale the heights of Parnassus by midnight assaults. Even the Ogre boots of Fairy-land would avail him nothing if drawn on during the hours consecrated to rest."

Concerning exercise he says: "The dandy of the drawing-room can not expand into an Apollo Belvedere nor the sluggard into a Hercules. Animated grace and living strength can come only from exercise."

Speaking of the ancients, he says: "The motives for promoting a good development and preserving health and vigor in ancient times, connected themselves with the great functions which men were called on to perform in society; while the methods by which they of necessity acquired their knowledge were favorable to the same objects. Having, as we have seen, when compared with the moderns, but few books, they supplied the aliment of thought by observation, and the practice of observation kept them active. The great map of external nature lay unfolded before them all fresh and beautiful from the hand of the Creator; they traversed its untrod-den wilds; clambered its frowning and unscaled precipices; descended into its deep and unexplored

valleys; meandered its streams, as they murmured through vast and unpeopled solitude; marked the external features of general nature; listened to the chorus of the animal kingdom, from the bee of Mount Hymettus to the lion of Abyssinia; inhaled the fragrance of the vegetable world, and feasted their vision on its forms and colors in a region which more than any other combines the useful plants of the north with the luscious fruits and beautiful flowers of the south; their eyes wandered among the clouds, and noted the forms and colors which portend changes in the constitution of the air, the causes of which philosophy has not yet revealed; beyond the clouds they counted the stars, and gave names to the various constellations; finally, turning upon themselves, they studied man in society as he then was, not as he had been, by observation instead of historical research, made him display himself in action through all the stages of life, and looked on, and applauded and registered his feats in the Elean, funeral, and Neptunian games—in the gymnasium, the portico, and the grove—in the arena, the circus, the forum, and the senate. Philosophers then traveled on foot from city to city, as a means of that improvement which is now sought by crawling from alcove to alcove of our moldering libraries; inhabiting a genial climate, they read, and conversed, and thought in the wide and moving air; the teacher then assembled his pupils around him in open colonnades, or under the shade of majestic and embowering trees, where they breathed a pure atmosphere; while the fanning breezes kept down that fever of the brain which consumes the student of modern days."

I have made this extract to let you into the secret of the Doctor's power as a thinker and writer. His education, from necessity at first, and subsequently from choice, was, in a great measure, under the open arch of heaven. Imitating the ancients in their mode of learning, he imitated them also in their raciness and originality of thought, in sternness and inflexibility of will, and in freshness and wealth of illustration. In his strictly professional productions his style is more chastened; he rarely indulges himself in any play of fancy; but in his non-professional articles, where he gives loose to his imagination and emotions, he sometimes holds the heart spell-bound. What can exceed the following description? I wish I could give it to you as I received it fresh from the author's lips, "in a voice soft as the breath of the south upon a bed of violets." He is describing a pleasure excursion of a school:

"Spring is unfolding her beauties; the air is genial; the light is now and then interrupted by a passing cloud raised high in the heavens, and threatening no shower to damp their ardor; the meadow lark perched on the crag of a decaying stump, and the cat-bird in the thicket, raise their notes, and the urchins hasten to the spot, and put the songsters to flight; the squirrel is then treed,



and lies flat and quiet on the limb, while club after club flies harmless by: one boy, more aspiring than the rest, attempts to climb the trunk, becomes dizzy, and slides sheepishly over its rough bark, ashamed to catch the eye of her whose admiration he sought to win, and half provoked at the shouts of merriment which his failure called forth, to die away the next moment when some straggler announces a new violet raising its timid head through the leaves of the preceding autumn. Then the steep hill and the race of the boys and girls to its top; the descent to the new and shaded hollow beyond; the jumping of the little brook, and the young gallantries it brings forth; the lying down to drink of some thirsty boy, and another, filled with mischief, putting his face into the water from behind; the discovery of a petrification, and the gathering together to wonder at its form and struggle for its possession. Now the admiration of the half-expanded buds, and a transient comparison of those of different bushes! Then the union of all the boys under some leader, designated, as it were, by instinct, to roll over the rotten log, and the discovery of a harmless little snake; the instinctive impulse to kill, the haste and uproar of the execution, and the terror of the girls, who afterward see a snake in every stick they are about to tread upon! The continuance of the ramble till it reaches the dogwood, the rose-bud, and the buckeye, with their blooming limbs; the climbing, the breaking, the throwing down, and the scrambling below, till all are loaded to their heart's content; and by some new route they return home, fatigued and hungry, to tell of great discoveries, and boast of great deeds."

As a lecturer Dr. Drake was very interesting. It is not always, nor even often, that good writers are good speakers; for example, Burke, a most magnificent writer, was called the Dinner-bell of Parliament, because his rising was a signal for the members to depart. Dr. Drake possessed great versatility of genius. I have heard him, I suppose, a hundred times in the lecture-room, and rarely have I seen him use a manuscript in giving instruction to his class. In his earlier years he probably wrote his lectures in full—when I heard him he was about fifty years of age. He often hesitated, both in private conversation and in lecturing, as if at a loss for a word, but when he found it he sounded it like a clap of thunder. Frequently at the commencement of a lecture he was cold, but he would seldom conclude without kindling into a blaze. On one occasion, when I took a stranger—a physician from the north—to hear him, he was dull throughout; and, on leaving the lecture-room, my friend could hardly be persuaded that he had been listening to Dr. Drake. When at last his doubts were dissipated, although he was assured that the Doctor was unusually prosing, he insisted that, as a lecturer, he was vastly overrated. The next day he heard him again, and was better pleased; the third day he listened to him once

more. This time the Doctor was peculiarly happy. During the two preceding lectures he had been hewing the beams of his chambers, cutting his columns from the marble, and melting the metal for his spire; and now each stone, each beam seeks its place, shaft after shaft rises on its base, the walls are finished, the cap-stone is put on with shouting; the spire pierces the lower clouds, and the architect walks around, to point out the order, and magnitude, and proportions of the edifice. Glancing at my friend's countenance, I could but perceive the working of strong emotions—admiration, surprise, astonishment. As we passed out of the door, he said, with his face, nay, his *whole person*, full of expression: "I give it up; don't say a word; that is Dr. Drake." His chair at this time was "The Theory and Practice of Medicine." I had heard Chapman, Eberle, and Jackson on the same subject, but I could not think any of them equal to Drake. Disregarding all former systems, he, with profound and searching analysis, laid hold of general principles, and traced them to their legitimate results; he taught men to prescribe, not for the names of diseases, but for their symptoms; he grouped diseases according to their pathology, following, in general, the work of Andral; he put the young mind upon the track of thought, he encouraged it to observe, to reason, to generalize for itself, and, while it paid a due respect to authority, to seek a better repose for its conclusions.

He was still more brilliant in debate. He knew, at a glance, his adversary's position—its strength and its weakness; he was conscious of his own power; he laid down no proposition which he did not feel sure that he could sustain; he quoted no evidence of doubtful authority; he arrayed his argumentative forces with consummate skill; and being very ambitious, he was fully determined on victory; so that when he charged, it was with a soul well equipped, well disciplined, and wrought up to its highest energies—at times appearing terrific by its majesty. I have been told that in debate with Dr. J., of Philadelphia—the best debater in that medical Athens—Dr. Drake came off triumphant; but this I can not affirm. I saw him in debate with Dr. H., one of his own colleagues. The subject was the *modus operandi* of medicines. Dr. H. contended that they always operate by sympathy; Dr. Drake that they sometimes operate by absorption also. The champions approached the arena in the prime of life: each had a favorite for which to contend—one around which his thoughts and affections had centered, by day and night, for many of his best years; each seemed anxious for the contest; each confident of the victory; each with his chosen weapons, firm and furbished; each with a proud, determined soul. During the first evening it was doubtful which had the advantage. Dr. H. moved upon his antagonist strongly, steadily, nobly. Dr. Drake sustained the attack firmly—that is all. They seemed like two well-matched regiments in the charge, when, from line's end to

line's end, steel meets steel, and shoulder answers to shoulder. The next evening the debate was less sustained; there were heavy blows given and received on both sides, but there were occasional relaxations and pauses—less charging, more skirmishing. It was pretty evident, however, that victory had shown a disposition to perch upon the Drake standard, though both parties claimed her. The third evening Dr. Drake proceeded slowly, but steadily, to erect around himself a munition of rocks—a perfect Gibraltar of defenses, in spite of all the annoyances of the foe. And now his work is done, and he looks out from his castle, calmly, to defy his assailant. The assailant plants his battering-rams, and thunders with all his power, and thunders again with redoubled fury; but all in vain. And now that he is exhausted, his secure antagonist comes forth to show him how easily he could *spear* him, and how friendly he is to *spare*. How hard pressed Dr. H. was, is clear from this: he resorted to the desperate proposition, that God has given both to animals and vegetables, under certain circumstances, the power of creation; and, in illustration, he asked, How otherwise can we account for the immense quantity of carbon which is necessary for the annual growth of our forests? or for the lime with which the coral reefs of the ocean are built up?—lime, as he assumed, not being contained in sea-water. His object was to show, that the foreign substances proved to have been found in the fluids and even solids of the body had been *created* there by the vital functions, and not taken into the general circulation by absorption. It was easy to answer the questions of the Doctor, and also to show the absurdity of the general proposition. Dr. H., however, bore himself so gallantly that next day, when he entered the lecture-room, he was greeted with three times three cheers.

As a *traveler*, perhaps, Dr. Drake performed his greatest service. For many years he spent the summer season in tours of observation, with a view to his great work: "A Systematic Treatise, Historical, Etiological, and Practical, on the principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America, as they appear in the Caucasian, African, Indian, and Esquimaux varieties of its Population"—a work which he regarded as the labor of his life, and of which the first volume is before the country—I may say, the world; and it has been pronounced abroad the greatest scientific work which America has produced. It has placed Ohio, in literary and scientific character, beside Massachusetts; Cincinnati beside Philadelphia; and has borne the name of Daniel Drake as far as those of Physick, Franklin, Rush. True, it does not announce any startling discoveries; but it embodies valuable facts, which could have been gathered only by immense and discriminating labor, combines recent improvements from foreign sources with those of our own country, and binds the whole together with practical observations, which serve nicely to eliminate the

doubtful from the certain, and direct to a right application of all the truth that it communicates.

As a practitioner Dr. Drake was eminent. Many say, however, that as a *mere* practitioner he had competitors who ranked above him. This statement is not all unreasonable. There are certain natural gifts that fit a man for clinical service which are not generally bestowed; such as a peculiar delicacy of sense, of touch, of taste, of eyesight—a rapidity of thought which reaches conclusions as by instinct, and which is the very opposite of the cool reasoning which marks every step of its progress—a nicety of discrimination, which can divide "a hair twixt north and north-west side"—above all, a determined dogmatism that sets all doubt at defiance. Nevertheless, the Doctor was a *safe* physician; no one need fear to commit himself to his hands; he seemed to practice rather more upon the expectant system than his brethren in the west generally did twenty years ago. I say not that he followed Stahl in a practice which has been styled "a meditation on death," or that his practice was not sufficiently bold and vigorous. It was my good fortune to be under his care, and to enjoy his attention, his kindness, his benevolence. During the prevalence of cholera several cases of that disease occurred in the family in which I boarded, and came under his treatment. The patients were young children, and it was delightful to mark the solicitude he felt for them, the sympathy he manifested for the friends, the tenderness and love with which he watched over the little sufferers or received them to his arms, and his serene countenance, which was enough of itself "to purge a pestilence;" finally, to mark the success of his treatment.

His *moral influence* was good. He was reared, I believe, under Baptist influence; but after his marriage, which occurred in 1806, he usually attended the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which, during the last eight or ten years of his life, he was a consistent member. He always entertained a profound veneration for God and respect for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Church. I heard him deliver a set of Sabbath morning lectures, in the hall of the Cincinnati College, to his medical class, and such others as desired to attend. One of these was on the Bible—its perfection, its grandeur, its title to universal acceptance; another on the Sabbath; a third on temperance; a fourth on gaming—its causes and fearful consequences; another on Sabbath reading, in which he enumerated a long list of works in theology, showing himself as familiar with theological as with medical literature. I never heard him advance any heterodox opinion, or recommend any theological work but such as orthodox divines approve. He had no bigotry. Though he admired chiefly the grand, unsurpassed literature of the English Church, he could do justice to others. For example, he often remarked that he thought the Methodist preachers the most truly eloquent men in the country. His regard for

sacred things was not that of the politician; he saw, he *felt* their divinity; and it was not so much because he would have the world virtuous and happy that he recommended the Bible, as because he believed it to be true. In January, 1845, he writes, in the medical journal of which he was one of the editors, as follows—he is speaking of the Bible: "A faith in its wisdom as a book of mere human origin, such a faith as its careful study will never fail to inspire, may exert on the character of the individual the most genial influence. Under this view of its power it is that we recommend it to all who desire to cultivate their moral sentiments, their social feelings, and their manners. If it should not succeed, the case is hopeless. The deductions of moral philosophy will in vain essay to mold the heart which has resisted the sublime and simple precepts of the Bible. But there are higher and holier considerations, to which we now ascend. The Bible declares itself a book of revelation on the destiny and duty of man. If this be a fact, its profound and diligent study must be the duty of every man. But here steps in skepticism, and pronounces that, as it does not know that such was its origin, it is under no obligation to study it. Now, let us suppose that when Dr. Jenner published to the world that cow-pox was a preventive of small-pox, and would preserve the vaccinated, the profession at large had cherished the same skepticism, and refused to read his book, would they have been guiltless? Would not the lives of the victims of small-pox have been required at their hands? Do we not carefully examine every new system of medicine before we condemn it? Is it not according to the plainest dictates of common sense that we should do so? What is the firm fabric of modern medicine, but the combined materials which a critical examination of all the books that have been written for more than two thousand years has extracted from so many masses of error, and perpetuated to the present time? Why, then, apply a different rule to the Bible?"

When he became a subject of grace, and united with the Church on profession of his faith, he manifested a remarkable change in spirit; he seemed all at once to pass from the heroic character to the Christian. Once "daring and active, quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purposes, violent in his resentments;" now "meek, yielding, complying, forgiving, not prompt to act but willing to suffer, silent and gentle under rudeness and insult, suing for reconciliation when others would demand satisfaction, giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrongheadedness, the intractability of those with whom he had to do."

His private virtues were as notable as his public labors: as a friend faithful, as a father affectionate, as a husband most attached and loving. I would not, if I could, lift up the veil to show his private

hours, but I know enough to utter what I have. It was his misfortune to lose his wife, a most lovely woman—a niece of General Mansfield—in 1826, when he had scarce reached his prime. The loss of a wife is a most appalling one. It is awful to follow to the grave a father or mother, worse to yield up to the arms of death a child; but neither of these bereavements can, perhaps, be compared to the burial of a wife. When this wife has been regarded with romantic affection, how shall it be endured? And such was the love of Dr. Drake for his bosom companion. In treating of pulmonary diseases he sometimes alluded to her in strains fitted to draw tears from every eye. Dr. Darwin—in that strange book, the *Zoonomia*—says, that the more happy a man is in domestic life the more certainly and speedily will he escape from widowhood, should he fall into it; but the world does not indorse the opinion. If it be true, it certainly needs qualification. It is right that a man who loses his companion should seek to replace her; but it is also right that he should show a decent respect to her memory, and allow a season for grief before he returns to joy. Where affection for a first wife is *intense*, there is *generally* an unwillingness to contract a second matrimonial alliance; the grief occasioned by the loss is overwhelming, and bears the mourner onward in sorrow to the grave. Dr. Drake never married a second time, although he moved in a circle in which he could have found many a lady well worthy of his hand. He grieved over his loss till he died, not with murmuring, not without hope, but with a chastened, abiding, luxurious grief.

In conclusion: we have in Dr. Drake an example of a self-educated man. Let no one *despair* because he does not enjoy collegiate training; let no one *presume* because he does. Although a man may rise to the highest eminence by his own unaided exertions, let him not despise aids. He will find difficulties enough in the great battle of life to develop all his energies. Dr. Drake, after he had placed himself upon a par with his best competitors, crossed the mountains to attend medical lectures, and accepted, with becoming pride, a medical diploma. He had three qualities which will sooner or later make any man great: 1. *Industry*. He labored assiduously; he investigated thoroughly; he left no stone unturned till he got to the bottom of his subject. 2. *Unity* of aim. He was a man of one work. Although he studied other books besides those of medicine, he made them subordinate, and even tributary to it. Although he took an interest in common schools, in colleges, in railroads, in temperance; in fine, in every enterprise which promised to advance the interests or happiness of the community, he never forgot that he was a physician; he never forsook the bedside of the sick or the pillow of the dying. He was not *attracted* from the path of duty by the fascinations of politics, the allurements of trade, or the golden visions of speculation; he was not *repelled* from it

certain non-professor, but which the magistrate luckily *exploded* before the pistols were loaded, that he had "*combaticeness*" pretty well developed. Although the Doctor had foes, he never failed to have *friends*, whom he could command to almost any extent.

His manners were remarkably engaging. I know a clergyman, having no claims upon him further than an introduction, who was so kindly treated by him that he remembers him with gratitude to this day. The Doctor, having taken him by the hand, set him at ease at once; and, after a short and pleasant interview, as the clergyman arose to depart, the Doctor seized him by the hand, as if he had been an old acquaintance, and said, "Let me see you this evening to tea. Dr. B., of Oxford, will sup with me, and I expect a few friends to meet him. Will you make one of the number?" According to his invitation, the young clergyman called in the afternoon, and found, to his surprise, many of the magnates of the land. Being but a youth, a clergyman, a Methodist, the only Methodist in company, and being dressed according to the strictest sect of Methodists, he felt no little embarrassment. Formerly he had been something of a dandy, but no sooner had he united with the Church than his beloved brethren disrobed him of his usual guise, and arrayed him in their most approved clerical habit, made, however, in the most *disapproved* manner, so that it called forth many a humorous remark from his former friends—a circumstance which, while it increased his embarrassment in company, did not prevent him from being an obedient son in the Gospel. He remembered that St. Paul said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth;" and he inferred, if decent clothing make my brother to offend, etc. The Doctor did not fail to observe his uneasiness, and took special pains to allay it, directing his conversation especially to him, till he made him forget every thing in his own gratification.

In personal appearance the Doctor was not imposing. He was of medium height, rather slender, but compactly built, with muscular, agile limbs; his face had coarse and expressive features; his head was long and his forehead low. It appeared lower, however, than it actually was, from two circumstances—one was that his curly auburn hair grew low down toward his eyebrows; another was the full development of what phrenologists call the organs of perception. From this region his head rose with a gentle slope till you reached the crown, where the organs that strengthen all the rest, to speak phrenologically, sat upon a massive throne. He dressed in a plain though neat manner. I never saw him wear ornaments of any description, nor even use a cane. He walked generally with rapidity; and as he pressed through the thronged streets, he would hardly be taken by any one for a man of consequence.

His social qualities were remarkable. His ac-

quaintance being extensive, his threshold was often crossed by guests, whom he always treated hospitably—nobly. Indeed, his house was almost always open; and whenever a notable stranger was in the city, it was usually the scene of a party. On several of these occasions it was my good fortune to make one of the number. It was one of the Doctor's weaknesses not to count the cost. Although he always had a leading and lucrative practice, and during the latter half of his fifty years' professional service added the avails of a professorship to his fees, he never became rich. He was not one of those doctors who count the fees more carefully than the pulse. Addition did not seem to enter into his pecuniary calculations—if, indeed, he ever made any—and the only rule of arithmetic in which he appeared skillful was reduction. This is a peculiarity which often attaches to greatness but rarely to littleness. It is gratifying to learn that toward the close of life he was much more agreeably situated, and that he left behind him a comfortable home. Perhaps this was owing to the fact, that in later years, as he traveled abroad considerably, he had fewer opportunities of displaying his magnificent hospitality and noble generosity. It may be, too, that his former embarrassments had learned him a lesson of prudence, though he did not seem inclined to that species of instruction; his mind was too much absorbed, and his hand too near his heart. Indeed, I think he felt somewhat like Carlyle, who says, "Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, saying, 'That, away; thy doom is that!'"

On occasions of ingathering at his mansion the Doctor appeared to be the happiest of the happy. He, however, never indulged in levity, but, with all the radiations of his cheerfulness and the flashes of his wit, maintained a becoming dignity: he appeared to illumine every one who came within the light of his countenance. On one occasion, which is fresh in my memory, in the winter of 1836, he invited the professors and pupils of both the medical schools—Ohio Medical College and Cincinnati College—together with the lawyers, judges, doctors, etc., of the city. His double parlor and hall were well filled; few, if any, pretended to sit. We were distributed into little groups, according to elective affinity. In one corner, as I learned, there was placed, after I left, a buckeye stump, to call forth a species of oratory peculiar to western genius—a kind, too, in which few men could excel the Doctor himself. In due time the company moved, as best they could, to an adjoining room, where a splendid supper was in waiting. As there were no ladies to soften the intercourse of the party, except the beautiful misses—now, I am told, sage matrons—who poured the coffee, it was somewhat surprising that good order and good feeling were preserved to the close. None but a *genius* presiding could have prevented occasional



outbursts of unpleasant feeling. Those will appreciate this remark who know any thing of the *genus irritabile* of which the party was chiefly composed. Dr. Drake had just brought into existence the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College; the jealousy of the Ohio Medical College was at its height; the students of the different schools sympathized with their respective professors; the medical societies were debating doctrinal points in relation to which the different colleges in the city took opposite sides. Well, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth *will* speak, and there must be in these groups unpleasant altercations. But the Doctor will interpose. Here he is, coming toward a group rather larger than the rest, who have gathered around two disputants that have grown warm in debate. Having gently made his way to the contending parties, the Doctor stands a moment, with smiling countenance, and seeing a Dr. Woolley opposite to him, he takes one of the disputants by the arm, and nodding to Dr. Woolley, says, "You take that gentleman under your *wool*, and I will take this one under my *feathers*." The group joined in the hearty laugh, and, as the Doctor moved off with his willing captive, one cried out, "I hope you will hatch him out a young Drake." "Nay, nay," replied the Doctor, "a young *eagle*." In this way the presiding genius kept order in the midst of confusion, and harmony in the midst of strife. I have often contrasted such exhibitions of his power with the storms that he is said to have raised around him in the colleges with which he was connected, though, doubtless, these have been greatly exaggerated.

He was a man of very extensive information and unceasing application. In mathematics I have no doubt he was well educated. In the languages he had, I suppose, respectable attainments. I have been told that he studied the Latin grammar after he entered upon practice, and devoted to it regularly the spare moments during which he waited for his meals. He did not, however, value languages very highly; he was wont to say, "We need *minds*, rather than *tongues*, in the medical profession." In the natural sciences he was a master; and his composition shows him to have been versed in belles-lettres. All his accomplishments were probably due to his own unaided exertions. The only charge which I ever heard brought against him was, that, instead of confining his attention strictly to his profession, he extended his researches over the whole domain of science. It were well, as he once shrewdly observed, if such a charge could be brought against some other members of the profession, whose walks, to say the least, are none too extensive. He was a foe to all narrow-mindedness. He was at home any where in nature, of which he was a fond observer—in science, in poetry, in philosophy, in the practical arts and the fine arts. Hence, his conversation was remarkably interesting to almost every one with whom he met.

Although devoted to his profession, he did not

neglect the general interests of society. Few men had more public spirit. He was among the most able and earnest champions of the temperance cause. To no man, not even Dr. Beecher himself, is that cause in the west more indebted. Disconnected with the clergy, and a leading member of a most influential profession, his words told with irresistible effect upon the masses. Nor was his eloquence addressed to the populace alone. At an early day he delivered an address on temperance before the Legislature of Ohio, which, being published and distributed by the members of that body, contributed greatly to enlighten all classes. The mode in which he treats the subject is so philosophical, the illustrations are so impressive, and the argumentation is so clear, that it could not fail to carry conviction to every candid reader. It is not the less valuable, in a certain circle, because it is confined chiefly to the physiological causes and consequences of this sin, and its temporal bearings upon individuals and national character and happiness. Some time during the winter of 1836, if I err not, at a meeting called to consider the propriety of a railroad connection with the Atlantic at Charleston, S. C., I found among the chief advocates of the measure Dr. Drake and General Harrison. Many of the leading capitalists of the city looked with jealousy upon the proposition; and, as it was understood to be a favorite with Dr. Drake, he was looked to for answers to the objections which the jealousy had conjured up. He was called for toward the close of the meeting by general request, and dispersed the opposition—horse, foot, and dragoons. He subsequently attended the Knoxville Convention—the salient point of those movements which will soon connect the Ohio with the southern Atlantic seaboard, and enable the north and the south to exchange fruits in a few hours. In the College of Teachers he was a leading spirit, taxing his energies, in the most busy season of the year, to prepare addresses or reports for it, or to participate in its discussions.

As a writer Dr. Drake stands in the first rank. His matter is always important; and considering how much he wrote, this is no small praise. His style is generally vigorous and neat, and often elegant; he expresses truth clearly, and by his lively fancy often throws an irresistible fascination around the most repulsive theme. It is not a little remarkable, considering how the Doctor was educated, that his pages frequently sparkle with tasteful classical allusions. To illustrate these observations, I introduce a few quotations from a semi-professional review of some works on physical education.

Of stimulating drinks he says: "Students commit upon their physical systems the most deplorable outrages with these fascinating stimulants. No other drinks impart such excitement to the feelings and faculties of the mind. To the sprightly they are nectar; to the dull, the waters of Pierus—who under their influence rise like Dedalus, and soar for an hour on the wings of genius."

Of absurdities in dress he says: "Did our daughters escape from the trammels of fashion when they escape from their leading strings, one source of our professional income would be dried up. But fortunately for the faculty, a time arrives when, fascinated by fashion, as the sparrow by the serpent, they yield themselves up, and walk deliberately into new shackles, prepared and brandished to their view by maternal affection. Now comes the bed of Procrustes—not, however, to bring all our daughters to the same length, but the same breadth. The shaft of the animated column must be compressed in the middle; its proportions improved, till it shall approach the *beau idéal* of the *beau monde*, and captivate the *beaux*. What does it signify if the stomach, lungs, and heart, like plants sprouting beneath logs and stones, should germinate in new and unnatural directions, or be arrested in their growth, or fall into disease—will not the end justify the means? Who would not prefer sickness and premature death to the criticisms of the *haut ton*?" This extract has been extended to give you a specimen of his delicate rillery.

Touching irregularities in sleep he says: "The ambitious and excitable should not be permitted to abridge the necessary hours of sleep for the prosecution of their class studies. They should never sit up to a late hour for this purpose. They study much better, and with less injury to the constitution, in the morning than at night. To retire early and rise early is the law and inclination of childhood, which the usages of society frequently contravene. Young men devoted to study frequently perpetrate the same violation, and never escape the penalty—weak, watery, and inflamed eyes, headaches, indigestion, or irritability. The emulous youth should be admonished that he can not scale the heights of Parnassus by midnight assaults. Even the Ogre boots of Fairy-land would avail him nothing if drawn on during the hours consecrated to rest."

Concerning exercise he says: "The dandy of the drawing-room can not expand into an Apollo Belvedere nor the sluggard into a Hercules. Animated grace and living strength can come only from exercise."

Speaking of the ancients, he says: "The motives for promoting a good development and preserving health and vigor in ancient times, connected themselves with the great functions which men were called on to perform in society; while the methods by which they of necessity acquired their knowledge were favorable to the same objects. Having, as we have seen, when compared with the moderns, but few books, they supplied the aliment of thought by observation, and the practice of observation kept them active. The great map of external nature lay unfolded before them all fresh and beautiful from the hand of the Creator; they traversed its untrodden wilds; clambered its frowning and unscathed precipices; descended into its deep and unexplored

valleys; meandered its streams, as they murmured through vast and unpeopled solitude; marked the external features of general nature; listened to the chorus of the animal kingdom, from the bee of Mount Hymettus to the lion of Abyssinia; inhaled the fragrance of the vegetable world, and feasted their vision on its forms and colors in a region which more than any other combines the useful plants of the north with the luscious fruits and beautiful flowers of the south; their eyes wandered among the clouds, and noted the forms and colors which portend changes in the constitution of the air, the causes of which philosophy has not yet revealed; beyond the clouds they counted the stars, and gave names to the various constellations; finally, turning upon themselves, they studied man in society as he then was, not as he had been, by observation instead of historical research, made him display himself in action through all the stages of life, and looked on, and applauded and registered his feats in the Elean, funeral, and Neptunean games—in the gymnasium, the portico, and the grove—in the arena, the circus, the forum, and the senate. Philosophers then traveled on foot from city to city, as a means of that improvement which is now sought by crawling from alcove to alcove of our moldering libraries; inhabiting a genial climate, they read, and conversed, and thought in the wide and moving air; the teacher then assembled his pupils around him in open colonnades, or under the shade of majestic and embowering trees, where they breathed a pure atmosphere; while the fanning breezes kept down that fever of the brain which consumes the student of modern days."

I have made this extract to let you into the secret of the Doctor's power as a thinker and writer. His education, from necessity at first, and subsequently from choice, was, in a great measure, under the open arch of heaven. Imitating the ancients in their mode of learning, he imitated them also in their raciness and originality of thought, in sternness and inflexibility of will, and in freshness and wealth of illustration. In his strictly professional productions his style is more chastened; he rarely indulges himself in any play of fancy; but in his non-professional articles, where he gives loose to his imagination and emotions, he sometimes holds the heart spell-bound. What can exceed the following description? I wish I could give it to you as I received it fresh from the author's lips, "in a voice soft as the breath of the south upon a bed of violets." He is describing a pleasure excursion of a school:

"Spring is unfolding her beauties; the air is genial; the light is now and then interrupted by a passing cloud raised high in the heavens, and threatening no shower to damp their ardor; the meadow lark perched on the crag of a decaying stump, and the cat-bird in the thicket, raise their notes, and the urchins hasten to the spot, and put the songsters to flight; the squirrel is then treed,

and lies flat and quiet on the limb, while club after club flies harmless by: one boy, more aspiring than the rest, attempts to climb the trunk, becomes dizzy, and slides sheepishly over its rough bark, ashamed to catch the eye of her whose admiration he sought to win, and half provoked at the shouts of merriment which his failure called forth, to die away the next moment when some straggler announces a new violet raising its timid head through the leaves of the preceding autumn. Then the steep hill and the race of the boys and girls to its top; the descent to the new and shaded hollow beyond; the jumping of the little brook, and the young gallantries it brings forth; the lying down to drink of some thirsty boy, and another, filled with mischief, putting his face into the water from behind; the discovery of a petrification, and the gathering together to wonder at its form and struggle for its possession. Now the admiration of the half-expanded buds, and a transient comparison of those of different bushes! Then the union of all the boys under some leader, designated, as it were, by instinct, to roll over the rotten log, and the discovery of a harmless little snake; the instinctive impulse to kill, the haste and uproar of the execution, and the terror of the girls, who afterward see a snake in every stick they are about to tread upon! The continuance of the ramble till it reaches the dogwood, the rose-bud, and the buck-eye, with their blooming limbs; the climbing, the breaking, the throwing down, and the scrambling below, till all are loaded to their heart's content; and by some new route they return home, fatigued and hungry, to tell of great discoveries, and boast of great deeds."

As a lecturer Dr. Drake was very interesting. It is not always, nor even often, that good writers are good speakers; for example, Burke, a most magnificent writer, was called the Dinner-bell of Parliament, because his rising was a signal for the members to depart. Dr. Drake possessed great versatility of genius. I have heard him, I suppose, a hundred times in the lecture-room, and rarely have I seen him use a manuscript in giving instruction to his class. In his earlier years he probably wrote his lectures in full—when I heard him he was about fifty years of age. He often hesitated, both in private conversation and in lecturing, as if at a loss for a word, but when he found it he sounded it like a clap of thunder. Frequently at the commencement of a lecture he was cold, but he would seldom conclude without kindling into a blaze. On one occasion, when I took a stranger—a physician from the north—to hear him, he was dull throughout; and, on leaving the lecture-room, my friend could hardly be persuaded that he had been listening to Dr. Drake. When at last his doubts were dissipated, although he was assured that the Doctor was unusually prosing, he insisted that, as a lecturer, he was vastly overrated. The next day he heard him again, and was better pleased; the third day he listened to him once

more. This time the Doctor was peculiarly happy. During the two preceding lectures he had been hewing the beams of his chambers, cutting his columns from the marble, and melting the metal for his spire; and now each stone, each beam seeks its place, shaft after shaft rises on its base, the walls are finished, the cap-stone is put on with shouting, the spire pierces the lower clouds, and the architect walks around, to point out the order, and magnitude, and proportions of the edifice. Glancing at my friend's countenance, I could but perceive the working of strong emotions—admiration, surprise, astonishment. As we passed out of the door, he said, with his face, nay, his *whole person*, full of expression: "I give it up; don't say a word; that is Dr. Drake." His chair at this time was "The Theory and Practice of Medicine." I had heard Chapman, Eberle, and Jackson on the same subject, but I could not think any of them equal to Drake. Disregarding all former systems, he, with profound and searching analysis, laid hold of general principles, and traced them to their legitimate results; he taught men to prescribe, not for the names of diseases, but for their symptoms; he grouped diseases according to their pathology, following, in general, the work of Andral; he put the young mind upon the track of thought, he encouraged it to observe, to reason, to generalize for itself, and, while it paid a due respect to authority, to seek a better repose for its conclusions.

He was still more brilliant in debate. He knew, at a glance, his adversary's position—its strength and its weakness; he was conscious of his own power; he laid down no proposition which he did not feel sure that he could sustain; he quoted no evidence of doubtful authority; he arrayed his argumentative forces with consummate skill; and being very ambitious, he was fully determined on victory; so that when he charged, it was with a soul well equipped, well disciplined, and wrought up to its highest energies—at times appearing terrific by its majesty. I have been told that in debate with Dr. J., of Philadelphia—the best debater in that medical Athens—Dr. Drake came off triumphant; but this I can not affirm. I saw him in debate with Dr. H., one of his own colleagues. The subject was the *modus operandi* of medicines. Dr. H. contended that they always operate by sympathy; Dr. Drake that they sometimes operate by absorption also. The champions approached the arena in the prime of life: each had a favorite for which to contend—one around which his thoughts and affections had centered, by day and night, for many of his best years; each seemed anxious for the contest; each confident of the victory; each with his chosen weapons, firm and furbished; each with a proud, determined soul. During the first evening it was doubtful which had the advantage. Dr. H. moved upon his antagonist strongly, steadily, nobly. Dr. Drake sustained the attack firmly—that is all. They seemed like two well-matched regiments in the charge, when, from line's end to

line's end, steel meets steel, and shoulder answers to shoulder. The next evening the debate was less sustained; there were heavy blows given and received on both sides, but there were occasional relaxations and pauses—less charging, more skirmishing. It was pretty evident, however, that victory had shown a disposition to perch upon the Drake standard, though both parties claimed her. The third evening Dr. Drake proceeded slowly, but steadily, to erect around himself a munition of rocks—a perfect Gibraltar of defenses, in spite of all the annoyances of the foe. And now his work is done, and he looks out from his castle, calmly, to defy his assailant. The assailant plants his battering-rams, and thunders with all his power, and thunders again with redoubled fury; but all in vain. And now that he is exhausted, his secure antagonist comes forth to show him how easily he could *spear* him, and how friendly he is to *spear*. How hard pressed Dr. H. was, is clear from this: he resorted to the desperate proposition, that God has given both to animals and vegetables, under certain circumstances, the power of creation; and, in illustration, he asked, How otherwise can we account for the immense quantity of carbon which is necessary for the annual growth of our forests? or for the lime with which the coral reefs of the ocean are built up?—lime, as he assumed, not being contained in sea-water. His object was to show, that the foreign substances proved to have been found in the fluids and even solids of the body had been *created* there by the vital functions, and not taken into the general circulation by absorption. It was easy to answer the questions of the Doctor, and also to show the absurdity of the general proposition. Dr. H., however, bore himself so gallantly that next day, when he entered the lecture-room, he was greeted with three times three cheers.

As a *traveler*, perhaps, Dr. Drake performed his greatest service. For many years he spent the summer season in tours of observation, with a view to his great work: "A Systematic Treatise, Historical, Etiological, and Practical, on the principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America, as they appear in the Caucasian, African, Indian, and Esquimaux varieties of its Population"—a work which he regarded as the labor of his life, and of which the first volume is before the country—I may say, the world; and it has been pronounced abroad the greatest scientific work which America has produced. It has placed Ohio, in literary and scientific character, beside Massachusetts; Cincinnati beside Philadelphia; and has borne the name of Daniel Drake as far as those of Physick, Franklin, Rush. True, it does not announce any startling discoveries; but it embodies valuable facts, which could have been gathered only by immense and discriminating labor, combines recent improvements from foreign sources with those of our own country, and binds the whole together with practical observations, which serve nicely to eliminate the

doubtful from the certain, and direct to a right application of all the truth that it communicates.

As a practitioner Dr. Drake was eminent. Many say, however, that as a *mere* practitioner he had competitors who ranked above him. This statement is not all unreasonable. There are certain natural gifts that fit a man for clinical service which are not generally bestowed; such as a peculiar delicacy of sense, of touch, of taste, of eyesight—a rapidity of thought which reaches conclusions as by instinct, and which is the very opposite of the cool reasoning which marks every step of its progress—a nicety of discrimination, which can divide "a hair twixt north and north-west side"—above all, a determined dogmatism that sets all doubt at defiance. Nevertheless, the Doctor was a *safe* physician; no one need fear to commit himself to his hands; he seemed to practice rather more upon the expectant system than his brethren in the west generally did twenty years ago. I say not that he followed Stahl in a practice which has been styled "a meditation on death," or that his practice was not sufficiently bold and vigorous. It was my good fortune to be under his care, and to enjoy his attention, his kindness, his benevolence. During the prevalence of cholera several cases of that disease occurred in the family in which I boarded, and came under his treatment. The patients were young children, and it was delightful to mark the solicitude he felt for them, the sympathy he manifested for the friends, the tenderness and love with which he watched over the little sufferers or received them to his arms, and his serene countenance, which was enough of itself "to purge a pestilence;" finally, to mark the success of his treatment.

His *moral influence* was good. He was reared, I believe, under Baptist influence; but after his marriage, which occurred in 1806, he usually attended the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which, during the last eight or ten years of his life, he was a consistent member. He always entertained a profound veneration for God and respect for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Church. I heard him deliver a set of Sabbath morning lectures, in the hall of the Cincinnati College, to his medical class, and such others as desired to attend. One of these was on the Bible—its perfection, its grandeur, its title to universal acceptance; another on the Sabbath; a third on temperance; a fourth on gaming—its causes and fearful consequences; another on Sabbath reading, in which he enumerated a long list of works in theology, showing himself as familiar with theological as with medical literature. I never heard him advance any heterodox opinion, or recommend any theological work but such as orthodox divines approve. He had no bigotry. Though he admired chiefly the grand, unsurpassed literature of the English Church, he could do justice to others. For example, he often remarked that he thought the Methodist preachers the most truly eloquent men in the country. His regard for



sacred things was not that of the politician; he saw, he *felt* their divinity; and it was not so much because he would have the world virtuous and happy that he recommended the Bible, as because he believed it to be true. In January, 1845, he writes, in the medical journal of which he was one of the editors, as follows—he is speaking of the Bible: "A faith in its wisdom as a book of mere human origin, such a faith as its careful study will never fail to inspire, may exert on the character of the individual the most genial influence. Under this view of its power it is that we recommend it to all who desire to cultivate their moral sentiments, their social feelings, and their manners. If it should not succeed, the case is hopeless. The deductions of moral philosophy will in vain essay to mold the heart which has resisted the sublime and simple precepts of the Bible. But there are higher and holier considerations, to which we now ascend. The Bible declares itself a book of revelation on the destiny and duty of man. If this be a fact, its profound and diligent study must be the duty of every man. But here steps in skepticism, and pronounces that, as it does not know that such was its origin, it is under no obligation to study it. Now, let us suppose that when Dr. Jenner published to the world that cow-pox was a preventive of small-pox, and would preserve the vaccinated, the profession at large had cherished the same skepticism, and refused to read his book, would they have been guiltless? Would not the lives of the victims of small-pox have been required at their hands? Do we not carefully examine every new system of medicine before we condemn it? Is it not according to the plainest dictates of common sense that we should do so? What is the firm fabric of modern medicine, but the combined materials which a critical examination of all the books that have been written for more than two thousand years has extracted from so many masses of error, and perpetuated to the present time? Why, then, apply a different rule to the Bible?"

When he became a subject of grace, and united with the Church on profession of his faith, he manifested a remarkable change in spirit; he seemed all at once to pass from the heroic character to the Christian. Once "daring and active, quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purposes, violent in his resentments;" now "meek, yielding, complying, forgiving, not prompt to act but willing to suffer, silent and gentle under rudeness and insult, suing for reconciliation when others would demand satisfaction, giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrongheadedness, the intractability of those with whom he had to do."

His private virtues were as notable as his public labors: as a friend faithful, as a father affectionate, as a husband most attached and loving. I would not, if I could, lift up the vail to show his private

hours, but I know enough to utter what I have. It was his misfortune to lose his wife, a most lovely woman—a niece of General Mansfield—in 1826, when he had scarce reached his prime. The loss of a wife is a most appalling one. It is awful to yield up to the grave a father or mother, worse to yield up to the arms of death a child; but neither of these bereavements can, perhaps, be compared to the burial of a wife. When this wife has been regarded with romantic affection, how shall it be endured? And such was the love of Dr. Drake for his bosom companion. In treating of pulmonary diseases he sometimes alluded to her in strains fitted to draw tears from every eye. Dr. Darwin—in that strange book, the *Zoonomia*—says, that the more happy a man is in domestic life the more certainly and speedily will he escape from widowhood, should he fall into it; but the world does not indorse the opinion. If it be true, it certainly needs qualification. It is right that a man who loses his companion should seek to replace her; but it is also right that he should show a decent respect to her memory, and allow a season for grief before he returns to joy. Where affection for a first wife is *intense*, there is *generally* an unwillingness to contract a second matrimonial alliance; the grief occasioned by the loss is overwhelming, and bears the mourner onward in sorrow to the grave. Dr. Drake never married a second time, although he moved in a circle in which he could have found many a lady well worthy of his hand. He grieved over his loss till he died, not with murmuring, not without hope, but with a chastened, abiding, luxurious grief.

In conclusion: we have in Dr. Drake an example of a self-educated man. Let no one *despair* because he does not enjoy collegiate training; let no one *presume* because he does. Although a man may rise to the highest eminence by his own unaided exertions, let him not despise aids. He will find difficulties enough in the great battle of life to develop all his energies. Dr. Drake, after he had placed himself upon a par with his best competitors, crossed the mountains to attend medical lectures, and accepted, with becoming pride, a medical diploma. He had three qualities which will sooner or later make any man great: 1. *Industry*. He labored assiduously; he investigated thoroughly; he left no stone unturned till he got to the bottom of his subject. 2. *Unity of aim*. He was a man of one work. Although he studied other books besides those of medicine, he made them subordinate, and even tributary to it. Although he took an interest in common schools, in colleges, in railroads, in temperance; in fine, in every enterprise which promised to advance the interests or happiness of the community, he never forgot that he was a physician; he never forsook the bedside of the sick or the pillow of the dying. He was not *attracted* from the path of duty by the fascinations of politics, the allurements of trade, or the golden visions of speculation; he was not *repelled* from it

by the ingratitude of patients, the power of pestilence, or the ravages of quackery. Confident in his principles and his practice, he clung to them to the last in faith and hope. Had he turned his attention to politics, he would have been distinguished; he was a great *man*, not merely a great *physician*: his greatness did not depend upon those qualities or combinations which peculiarly fit men for medical and surgical practice, but upon those which make men great in any sphere, particularly the parliamentary. At Washington he might have placed himself beside Clay or Ewing—the former of whom he resembled in many points of character; but he was wedded to his profession. He was right; he might have acquired more ephemeral fame, more pecuniary reward; but he needed no stronger stimulus to exertion, no higher sphere of usefulness, than his profession afforded him—no loftier name than posterity will award him—no richer benison than the gratitude of a suffering race. 3. He had moral principle. Without this he might have been distinguished but not beloved. I doubt, however, whether he would have acquired distinction; for I believe that both his industry and his professional devotion were mainly due to his moral principles. These, too, preserved him from many temptations, especially in early life. Formerly the bottle was presented to the physician wherever he went, and thousands fell beneath its power—thousands, too, who had talents equal to those of Drake. Moral and religious feeling bore him up against intemperance as well as many other fashionable vices, and carried him onward through years of buoyant health to a green and goodly old age. He might, perhaps, have still lived had he not prescribed for himself in his last illness—an imprudence to which physicians are too prone. I am told that he committed the same mistake as Dr. Rush did under similar circumstances: he bled himself, even under the protest of medical friends, and soon sank down into a typhoid state.

He died—November 5, 1852—leaving his great work unfinished; but he died in tranquillity and in the Christian's hope. I say he died, and yet he did not die;

For "is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die!"

Rather let us say, he is fallen—not as the rain-drops on the mountain's side, soon to pass away—not as the avalanche, to carry destruction in its descent; but as the tree falls in due season, to fatten the earth with its fruits and scatter wide its seeds—seeds which the winds and the waters shall bear away, to germinate and bring forth in climes which have never known the parent trunk: and yet he has not fallen like the tree, to perish from the earth which it has blest; he is transplanted to the paradise of God, to bloom forever by the river of life. Who has caught the mantle of this ascended medical prophet?

## SOME THINGS THAT I LOVE.

BY REV. A. HILL.

I LOVE the glorious light of morn,  
As it breaks on the eastern sky,  
With its glowing tints, and its smile new born,  
And its hopeful prophecy;  
Its first faint flush is as fair to me  
As beauty itself can ever be.  
I love the blaze of the glorious sun,  
As he sits on his burning throne,  
While his restless chariot dashes on  
Through the depths of space alone;  
Yet not alone, for the planets fair  
Are dancing around him every-where.  
I love the light of a glad some eye,  
Lit up from the soul within,  
Like a spirit-beam from the far-off sky,  
Unmarred by the power of sin;  
Its flash of living fire reveals  
What the spirit knows, what the spirit feels.  
I love the dew-drops on the flowers,  
The rainbow in the sky,  
The song of birds in summer bowers,  
And the zephyr sighing by;  
But my spirit sinks when the tempest flings  
Over all that is bright his shadowy wings.  
My sensitive nature stands aghast  
At the roar of the thunder loud,  
The lightning's flash, and the fearful blast,  
As they leap from the angry cloud.  
Like Israel of old, I am ready to cry,  
"Let Moses—not God—speak, lest I die!"

## MY HOME.

BY MRS. S. L. PANCOAST.

DEAR home! thy name to me is sweet,  
Like music heard at midnight hour,  
When every prattling tongue is still,  
And dew has moistened every flower.  
Thy name, like some green, spreading tree  
For weary travellers kindly given,  
Reminds me oft of purer joys,  
And my delightful home in heaven.  
Thy name is like some lonely star,  
Oft shedding light through darkest gloom,  
To cheer the weary pilgrim on,  
While journeying to the lowly tomb.  
Thy name, it charms this gloomy breast  
Like organ notes the Christian's heart,  
When longing for that brighter place  
Where those that love shall never part.  
Thy name, to me, like that dear shrine  
Where first I bowed to seek my God,  
Will to this pensive heart be sweet  
Till I am laid beneath the sod.

## A TOUR AMONG THE TAUNUS MOUNTAINS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

Nor far from the old city of Frankfort on the Maine, lies a charming region between the rivers Rhine and Maine, diversified with hills, plains, and valleys, known as the country of the Taunus Mountains. No people are more fond of enjoyment in the open air than the good folks of old Frankfort; and when the "spring-time of year" greets them with its joyous smiles, they turn out *en masse* to enjoy the charms of nature in the "*Taunus Region*," as they always designate it.

For several weeks we had been confined in Frankfort, listening to the mystifications of German politicians in the then existing house of Parliament, now defunct—"peace be to its ashes!"—and our brains had become so perfectly muddled with transcendental philosophy applied to politics, that a counteracting agent seemed absolutely necessary to prevent a total destruction of our mental equilibrium. We, therefore, resolved "to let nature effect a cure," and provided with a traveling sachel to swing over the shoulders, a stout staff, and a good companion, we started on a pedestrian tour through the Taunus Mountains.

A pleasant tramp of ten miles brings us to the capital of the principality of Homburg—the town of Homburg. This principality is so petty an affair, that a good sized farm of a western Hoosier would not suffer by a comparison; still it is governed by its own prince, who, of course, thinks himself as important as any of the almost countless princes of the father-land. These petty princes would more appropriately be denominated leeches, as they emphatically drain the country of its life-blood. The Prince of Homburg has so small a territory, from which to draw a revenue for his support, that he has been obliged to resort to a most disgraceful means of increasing his income. The capital of his domains is situated in a perfect paradise of nature, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery of the Taunus Mountains, and enriched by a large number of mineral springs, whose medical waters have a great reputation. These have given rise to the "*baths of Homburg*;" and art has vied with nature in making the baths a very favorite place of resort of a certain class of German and Russian nobility. "So far so good." The grounds around the springs are laid out according to the most approved taste; charming little Gothic cottages and rustic bowers fill every nook, and invite the weary to repose or to a social chat. Affable waiters are ready to dip water from every spring and hand it to the stranger, and even the people of the town are ever ready to show every new-comer all the attractions. On the main lawn is a large pavilion, in which, at certain hours of the morning, afternoon, and evening, is seated one of the best orchestras in Germany, discoursing sweet music. The lawn itself is covered with seats

and chairs, so that one can sit in the shade of a tree, be hid in a thicket, or lounge in a bower and listen or be lulled to sleep. In front of the lawn is a magnificent building bearing the appearance of a hotel. In this are given, during the season, free concerts, free balls, and, sometimes, it is said, even free dinners, served up in sumptuous style. In short, the stranger is bewildered at all this beauty, pleasure, and generosity. But how very true it is that vice clothes itself in the garb of virtue to effect its most insidious aims! Homburg is a "*gambling hell*," and all these excitements are but the songs of the sirens charming the victim to ruin. Enter the magnificent "*Casino*," as the gambling edifice is termed. In its public saloons are long tables covered with green baize, and provided with apparatus for playing games, whose names it is an honor not to know. At the head of each table sits a person who is termed the "banker," and whose business is to gather into the "bank" the money of those who lose, and to pay out to those who win. For this purpose he is provided with a sort of rake, with which he rakes in the gold pieces that lie lost on unlucky numbers, as indifferently as if they were beans or buttons. The banker sits at his table a certain number of hours, and the game goes on like the ticking of a clock, whether the players be few or many. The crowds around the tables come and go according to the excitement of the game; that is, according as players play high or low, for thousands may be lost or won without drawing a syllable from the fortunate or unfortunate. The practiced gambler loses or wins with the most stoic indifference depicted on his countenance, and with features as fixed as the marble.

The first evening of our stay at Homburg we stepped into the beautifully decorated hall of the "*Casino*" to obtain a night view of the same scenes. Every thing bore the appearance of innocent enjoyment. In a distant gallery a few musical instruments were playing pleasing symphonies just loud enough not to interrupt conversation; but so to muffle the voices that each group or couple might not be overheard by the other. Ladies and gentlemen were promenading, or sitting and chatting without taking the least notice of the silent groups about the gaming-tables. As we approached one of the latter, a man of marked appearance, about forty years of age, had just taken his seat, and was adjusting a lame limb on a handsome crutch. His features were so rigid that they seemed to cling to the very bones, and the muscles of his face were scarcely more than skin; but his eyes gleamed from their hollow sockets with a steady glance, that told how many a night they had watched the turn of a card, the throw of the dice, or the revolution of a roulette. All eyes were turned on him, and he was evidently well known. In a moment he drew out a roll and placed it on number five. "What has he staked?" whispered we to a neighbor. "A thousand francs in gold," was the reply; "he never plays with any thing less, and always

brings it wrapped up for the sake of convenience." Others around him, knowing his skill and keenness, risked large sums on the same figure. When all were ready the wheel turned slowly; five did not come round, and the banker's rake drew all the stakes into his bank. It had no other visible effect on the stoic than to induce him to lay down another roll in the most unconcerned manner. His satellites followed him, and again all lost. He played again and again without success, his admirers gradually leaving him as rats desert a sinking ship. At last he lay down the tenth roll, solitary and alone, the excitement on the faces of the bystanders being intense—his features unmoved. The rake again took it. He rose as calmly as from a business calculation, and limped away on his crutch. The eyes of all were fixed on him till he left the saloon, when a person beside us remarked, "Last evening he won twenty thousand francs; but when luck turns against him he never lets the bank have more than ten at a time." "He seems very lame," we remarked. "Yes," was the reply, "he was lamed in a duel." To ourselves he bore the appearance of a miserable, unhappy, and hardened wretch, who has run an awful career of vice and excess. If the features be the index of the man, we should suppose him destitute of every joy that enlivens our existence here on earth, and without a thought, much less a hope, of the future.

But we were destined to be the witness of a still more painful scene, and we describe it in the conviction that the vice is in itself so hideous that to uncloak it is to instill a horror of its deformity.

The next prominent personage that appeared at the table was a woman of about forty, richly dressed, and leading by the hand a little boy of twelve—her own son. Placing the child in front of her, she drew out a gold snuff-box filled with gold pieces, and directed him to lay one on a certain number. In short, she was teaching her own child the profession of a gambler! But she was a poor preceptress; for in her countenance played all the passions of a fiend. Neither she nor the child could brook their losses—for it seemed to be an unlucky night—with any degree of composure. As piece after piece was taken from her, she seemed to suffer all the tortures of the rack, every muscle quivering, every nerve conveying a pang to the brain. At last, goaded beyond endurance, she seized the box, still containing a few pieces, and grasping her child by the hand, rushed from the hall as if followed by a demon; but she bore one in her breast from which she could not escape, and which gnawed at her very soul. A mother teaching her own offspring to gamble was a depravity of human nature which we confess we were not prepared to witness. But that mother was a warning indeed! For he must be harder in heart than most of men, who would not learn from it a lesson for life.

"What we have thus far described, is so public that one who visits Homburg can hardly avoid seeing it. But in the same building are private rooms

where fortunes are gambled away in a single throw; yea, even a wife's jewelry, even the very house and home that protect a wife and children. Women, in the excitement of the moment, have been known to stake their very wardrobe, and to be left with scarcely a garment to their name. And, strange as it may sound to an American ear, many of them are ladies of rank, fashion, and so-called respectability; for in the gay circles of the continent it is not at all uncommon for ladies to spend much of their time at the gaming-table. Few of them indulge in it in a place so public as Homburg; but the ladies of the Russian and Polish nobility are said to be profitable visitors.

Dark and repulsive as all this must seem, there is still a darker, yea, a densely dark side to be seen. These unchanging features, these stoic countenances, and that perfect indifference, which seem the gambler's pride, are all deceit. Go with us, reader, and we will prove it. Pass with us over that gently sloping lawn, see its gay groups scattered among its bowers and on its turf, listen to the sweet and soothing sounds of bland and gentle music, and before they have died away on the ear we will enter yonder dark and somber grove. Yes, well may you exclaim, "What a contrast!" It is, indeed, a contrast—a dismal, gloomy place—and well it may be, for it is the gambler's last retreat. Hither he hastens with a thousand furies lacerating his soul; with a thousand demons goading him to despair, and wrangling for his crushed spirit. All is lost, even honor; and a gambler's honor is the last semblance of virtue that he clings to. When that is gone, he is a penniless wretch, and in this grove he gladly embraces a gambler's fate—a suicide's grave. No longer ago than yesterday, a man in the prime of life left the wife of his bosom and the children of his heart, and under yonder tree placed the pistol to his forehead, leaving them no other legacy than his deep and indelible dishonor. But it is no unusual occurrence. His associates talk about it to-day at dinner, recount the losses that drove him to the rash deed, and to-morrow forget it, if, perchance, the morrow may not afford another victim.

We have wandered from our starting-point materially, and the reader may well inquire, "What has the Prince of Homburg to do with all this?" We reply, that this entire gambling establishment is carried on by a company under the firm of "Blanc, Brothers." These men have a privilege from the Prince to make Homburg a gambling center for a certain number of years. For this the Prince receives the nice sum of one hundred thousand dollars per annum, and at the expiration of the privilege, the magnificent edifice, fixtures, adorned grounds, etc., fall into the hands of the Prince also. The immense profits of the establishment may be conceived, from the fact that the company can afford such terms and still coin money. Indeed, these gambling establishments are a disgrace to Germany, and a bane to all the watering-places in the country.



Baden Baden, the Saratoga of Germany, is infested with a powerful body of gamblers, and hardly any place of resort is free from them; but none are so completely dependent on the gamblers for support as is Homburg.

We started, in the beginning of this article, for a tour among the Taunus Mountains, and the reader no doubt considers it high time that we get about it; but our apology is that Homburg is on the way. Leaving the town, we pass through handsome grounds and beautiful walks in the suburbs, and soon find ourselves in shady avenues leading to places of resort. One is the avenue to "Luther's Oak;" another to the "Hunter's Lodge," with park and deer. Passing by these, we commence the ascent of the king of the Taunus Mountains,

#### THE FELDBERG.

It is the highest among the group, and the crown of the whole. It is nearly three thousand feet in height, and the most elevated mountain in Middle Germany. Its ascent is remarkably gentle, and the summit is so broad and level that it is a great place of resort for popular festivals or celebrations. Sometimes all the gymnastic associations of the surrounding region will have a general rendezvous on its summit, there to contend for a grand prize. They all proceed thither a-foot, taking provisions along for a general rejoicing when the exercises are over and the prizes are awarded. The lasses always accompany these excursions, with baskets on their arms to feed the hungry; and when they have performed this duty, they gather leaves from the noble oaks of the Feldberg, and weave garlands for the victors. Again: the children of the schools have a grand picnic here, at which fathers and mothers seem to enjoy themselves as much as the children. In short, there is no place for the Frankforters like the summit of the Feldberg; indeed, its name bears its character—the Feldberg is literally the "Field Mountain;" that is, the mountain with a field or plain on its summit, and this contains nearly one hundred acres of land. The only object that breaks the regularity of its surface, is an immense rock thirteen feet in height and twenty paces in circumference. The sides of this mighty mass of stone are completely blackened by the watch-fires that are at times kindled near it by parties that ascend to the summit during the night to enjoy the sunrise, and build a fire to counteract the chilly air of the early morning.

This rock bears the name of "Brunhilden's bed," and with it is connected one of the strange German myths that give increased interest to nearly every remarkable natural phenomenon.

Odin, the god of war and victory, had chosen Brunhild, on account of her valor, as one of the maidens who should bear his shield; but he soon envied Brunhild her victories, and their friendship died away. He ordered her to leave his band of shield-bearers and become the wife of one of his warriors, that she might learn to obey. She refused to marry till she could find a consort who knew no

fear—preferring death to life with a timid heart. On perceiving her obstinacy, Allfater, one of the inferior gods, thrust a narcotic thorn into her forehead, and she fell into a deep sleep while clothed in her coat of mail. And every thing in her castle that breathed the breath of life slept with her, man or beast. The cows in the stable bent their knees and fell asleep; the hounds stretched out their limbs and slept; the pigeons on the roof and the flies on the wall were wrapped in sweet and profound slumber. And thus they slept for fifty years, and no one could rouse them; for a magic flame sprang up around the castle, and man could not enter.

But Allfater announced that whoever would ride through the fire and take off her coat of mail should be her lord and master. Many royal scions then came from time to time, who would gladly woo and win the royal maid; but when they saw her castle surrounded by a glow of fire, they and their proud steeds trembled, and many rushed into the arms of death. And thus things remained till Siegfried came; for when he had killed the dragon his charger bore him to Brunhild's castle. He saw the magic glow around its walls and the royal banner on its tower. A voice, like the sweet harmony of the nightingale, seemed borne on the wings of the wind, and said to his ear, "This magic fire has lasted fifty years, and the day is drawing nigh when it shall burn no more; he who rides through it to Brunhild's couch shall be her lord and consort."

With the courage of a lion he dashes through the hitherto impenetrable flames, and finds the castle in the deepest repose. The brown hunting-dogs were snuffing in their dreams, and the pigeons were still hiding their heads under their wings, and, as he entered the house, there stood the cook with his right arm extended, there sat the maid picking the chickens, and the kitchen scullion apparently hard at work. In the chambers all heads were bowed down with slumber, from butler to baker and the army of servants. The flies on the walls were in deep slumber; and as Siegfried hastened on all that he encountered slept, slept, slept. At last he entered Brunhild's chamber, and there she lay buried in a coat of mail. One dash of his sword cuts it from her lovely form, and there she lies beauteous as a statue of Parian marble, limb for limb. Siegfried bends over her and kisses those matchless lips. Her eyes open, and with astonishment he leans on his faithful sword. Eyes gaze on eyes till Brunhild recognizes the brave Siegfried, and exclaims, "Destiny has been fulfilled; none but the bravest of the brave could pass this magic glow; I am Siegfried's bride!"

Again the castle teems with life; the cows begin to chew the cud, the hounds spring forth with cries of joy, the flies desert the walls and hum and buzz, and the pigeons draw forth their tiny heads from wings of down. The maid picks her chickens, and the kitchen-boy hurries to his work—the flames

spring up, and the meat begins again to roast—all unconscious that fifty years of deep repose had lain on them like a dream, while Siegfried leads his happy bride to the hymeneal altar. Thus runs the legend of the Feldberg that has been transmitted from father to son for ages; and seldom is there a celebration on its summit but that little groups of juveniles may be seen eagerly devouring mother's words while relating the history of "Brunhilden's bed."

Leaving the Feldberg, the next object of interest in the Taunus region is the remarkable old fortress of Königstein. Its magnificent ruins may be seen for miles, and with an appetite heightened by the beauty of its outlines, we trudged on with sachel and staff as the rays of the sun play on its dilapidated walls and falling battlements. A retired merchant from Frankfort has purchased the grounds around it and built himself a cottage, and laid out a garden under the very shade of its turrets. And to him there is no greater pleasure than to relate to strangers the story of the castle of Königstein. It was once the stronghold of the noble race of Falkenstein, and from their hands passed into the family of Eppstein, and so through fortune good and bad, till the French, in the year 1800, took it and dismantled it. Now it is a heap of ivy-bound ruins, cherished and cared for only by a retired merchant, whom the acquisition of wealth has not entirely unfitted to enjoy its romantic history. In its vicinity is a modest inn, that receives considerable support from the visitors to Königstein, and thither we retire for the night, with appetites and limbs in prime condition to appreciate all the creature comforts that said village inn may afford.

The most attractive spot in the "Taunus region" is the celebrated watering-place known as Wiesbaden. It is the capital of the Duchy of Naussau, and the residence of the reigning Duke. It has been rendered famous by the spirited author of the "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Naussau." It is, in many senses of the word, a capital, and filled with mansions of elegant and luxurious exteriors. It has acquired its importance from the mineral springs which abound in its vicinity; and during the summer season is the resort of the nobility, aristocracy, and democracy—divided off into classes according to rank and capacity of pockets. The waters are emphatically hot springs, as most of them would scald the flesh, and some even crack glasses when suddenly immersed in them. They were known to Pliny two thousand years ago. An old saw says that there are no graveyards in Wiesbaden, for all who go there sick are sure to be cured. It is a place of considerable wealth, and the crowds of visitors, during the summer months, bring to it no small amount of trade. The grounds and parks are laid off with great taste, and adorned with ponds and summer-houses for rovers and loungers. The Casino—an indispensable accompaniment of a German watering-place—is a splendid building, and used, as all such buildings are, for

concerts, balls, and entertainments of various kinds, not to forget the gaming-tables; for a German watering-place is never complete without these, although those of Wiesbaden are by no means so steeped in crime as are those of Homburg. In Wiesbaden they are merely a part of the fixtures to amuse the indolent and shave the uninitiated on a small scale. In Homburg they are the very existence of the place. They are so very public in all their arrangements, that no one seems to suspect that there is any thing wrong or dishonorable about them; and we saw a little group of English ladies throwing franc pieces on the numbers as a mere pastime, or curiosity to know whether they would win or lose, apparently unconscious how extremely low such amusement at home would degrade them.

The whole Taunus region seems to be a country of mineral springs, and the business of bottling and exporting the waters has assumed an incredible importance. Passing from Wiesbaden to the neighboring baths of Schwalbach and Schlangenbad, we wend our way over the mountain range, at whose foot lies the former. The country is without a rival for beauty, and thus admirably adapted for a place of resort for invalids; inviting to shady walks in the forest or roman'tic tours over the hills and peaks. From one of the summits is obtained a charming view of the hunting castle or lodge of the Duke. Two bronze deer guard the entrance, and every thing within that can be composed of stag's horns is made of this material—a hunting lodge in the strictest sense of the term.

Finally, after passing over hill and dale, we reach a bold, rocky promontory, and gaze down into the valley and meadows of Schwalbach. The roofs are of slate, and the architecture partakes of a rural character, while the guests wander about with much more nonchalance than in the more city-like Wiesbaden. Schwalbach seems made up of fountains or springs. On entering, the first that one encounters is the "Wine fountain," whose waters, one is bound to imagine, taste like wine. Farther off in the meadow is "Pauline's fountain," elegantly inclosed with stone ornaments and roof. Steps lead down to it, and a sort of canopy covers the rotunda. Still farther on is the "Marriage fountain," whose waters are eagerly sought after by the lads and lasses. And then comes the Chalybeate fountain, with its shady promenade; and, indeed, there is no end to them. In the vicinity are ruins of old castles, with towers, subterraneous dungeons, etc., so that the guests have no lack of inducement to visit every elevated spot in the neighborhood, and range through every portion of this little paradise.

Strange stories are told as to the discovery of these waters; but the one which gains most credence in the legends is, that a sick cow which wandered from the herd and drank of them was cured. This is, at least, the story told of Schlangenbad. The name of the latter in plain English is "snake-bath"—not a very enticing cognomen

for the fair sex, one might suppose; and still it is considered the bath of beauty, on account of the soft and velvet-like character which it imparts to the skin.

Having thus pretty thoroughly explored the region of the Taunus Mountains, and paid court to most of their attractions, after a journey of three days with sachel and staff, we reentered the walls of old Frankfort, to make another effort to comprehend the lumbering movements of the German Parliament.

#### EDWARD GIBBON.

A LITTLE figure, with a large head and small bones, dressed with the most scrupulous precision; the buckles shining brightly in the shoes, the wristbands carefully turned down, the periwig hanging many inches below the shoulders, the breeches without a crease, the body bending forward, the forefinger stretched out, the others tapping a snuff-box; surely this must be the picture of some meek, smiling old courtier, one who is seen in every drawing-room, at every whist-table, with nothing but the milk of human kindness in his bosom, and nothing but the prescriptions of etiquette in his head. We are for once mistaken. This modest, richly appareled little gentleman is one of the most learned, the most sarcastic, the most wary of human beings; this is Gibbon, the historian, the philosopher, the skeptic, whose heart was engrossed with the love of literary fame, who delighted in sneering at what men most reverence, and whose genius shed a light on the darkest parts of mediæval history.

Few autobiographies are more pleasing or more valuable than Gibbon's *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*. Enough is said, but no more than enough; and he has left us, by his own hand, as perfect a picture of himself, with all his pride, industry, vanity, and affectation, as he has drawn of any other man in the course of his elaborate history. One who has written about five thousand octavo pages on the lives of others, may be permitted to write a hundred and fifty on his own.

In his eleventh year, young Edward lost his mother, whom he did not profess to remember with any extraordinary veneration. We, however, on carefully reviewing his life, with all its good and evil, can not but think that, had Gibbon's mother been spared, he might have been a somewhat different being. His nature, if not capable of any very intense affection, was far from inhuman: it was even generous and sensitive to a certain depth; it was a nature for which a mother's care might have done much. Sin has chilled our nature; we need all that this poor world affords of endearing warmth to thaw the ice that will gather round our hearts. A literary man, especially, must have had a mother's love; a mother's tears must have dropped upon his face, a mother's voice must have sung him to

rest, a mother's prayers, even amid the pompous systems of philosophy, must sometimes be remembered, a mother's form must now and then appear in his dreams, he must stand at times by his mother's grave, or so much the worse for him, and for the many of whom he is the teacher. Edward Gibbon might hold religious disputes with his aunt; but he could not have disputed with a mother. The authority of an aunt is nothing over a young mind, compared with that of a parent. In this instance, there was an unquiet, curious spirit at work, which would not and could not acquiesce, which had never been taught how to venerate, how to cherish, how to believe. Thus he grew up a kind of literary Ishmael, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, reverencing nothing, believing nothing; and, amid the dreary desert of the barren eighteenth century, went on his way, satisfied that religion was but a many colored mirage, amusing the eyes of man before the sand-storm rolling over him and engulfing him forever.

All the apology for his faults that the last century affords he is entitled to receive. In the sixteenth century he would have been outwardly a Christian, in the nineteenth century he would have also been a nominal conformist. As it was, he had just enough of honesty to declare his disbelief, and not enough to survey every part of that ghastly temple in which no words of prayer are heard, and on the altar of which no fire is burning.

The melancholy experience of the last three centuries shows how difficult it is to establish again the faith that has been once unsettled. We have all heard of a road to belief even through the marshes of infidelity; we can only say that it is a very dangerous road, and for one weary traveler who may emerge again into the clear light of heaven, a thousand will assuredly wander forever in the darkness. A stupid school-master was in the habit of discussing with his pupils the evidences of Christianity, and refuting, greatly to his own satisfaction, the objections of unbelievers. As few of his scholars were above the age of fifteen, nothing could be more pernicious than such controversies. Children ought never to doubt; they never do so till foolish parents and foolish teachers put doubts into their heads by telling them there is no cause for doubt. A strange feeling will come to the young heart when a conceited pedant turns the leaves of the Bible over, and says, "it is true," "it must be true," "it proves itself to be true;" and then astonishes his little charges by saying that men have even denied it to be true; the question, in spite of the pedagogue, will rise to the lips of the child, "Is it possible that man can, without any reason, disbelieve what every body reverences, the great book that my mother first taught me to read, that I almost know by heart, that I peruse every evening, that the clergyman preaches from every Sunday, can it be that men disbelieve the book that was written by God?" Happy the child that has never doubted! Happy the child that officious blockheads have not

taught to doubt, while piously thinking they were teaching it to believe!

From his earliest years Gibbon was fond of religious disputation. *Hinc illa lacryma.* His kind aunt, Catherine Porten—peace to the good creature!—was often pushed hard by the objections of the acute little sickly skeptic. Both the aunt and the nephew have now gone to their account, and their religious contests can no longer occupy their minds.

After all the weapons of controversy had been well handled, after defending every inch of ground, Gibbon was at length induced to recant his errors, and take the sacrament in the Protestant Church. He was doubtless at the time sincere in his professions; but his belief, unknown to himself, was shaken forever.

A hero ought to have an iron strength of mind. The historian was made of far different material: he was not a man to face much danger for any cause; to endure misery and obloquy; to expose himself to the bullets of hostile enemies; to look without blenching on the dungeon and the scaffold. He was not a man to inspire patriotic sentiments, to sympathize with them or to understand them; he could only sneer at the martyr and the patriot. From him the oppressor, the conventualist, had little to fear; his writings are not the winged words that fly to the heart; his life was not the life of a hero. His skepticism seems to have been the only thing he was earnest about, the only thing in which he was honest; in this there was no mistake.

Gibbon has imbued his history with his own spirit; its blemishes are the blemishes of his mind and heart; in every lineament of the child we see the features of its parent.

When he returned to Lausanne for the last time his work was accomplished; he had mixed for a short while again with the world, but it had only made him more contented with his retirement; new men, new faces occupied the drawing-rooms of London, and the benches of Parliament, and the world was too busy to pay much attention even to the historian of the *Decline and Fall*. He had left England without a sigh, and again hastened back to his retreat; as his health was good, and his library full of books, not a cloud appeared to darken the serene evening of his day. But what are the hopes of man! Nemesis even pursued the historian. His friend Mr. Deyverdun fell prostrate under an attack of apoplexy, and Gibbon was left to enjoy in solitude the house, with its fine views of the lake and mountains. Then, for the first time perhaps in his life, he felt the wants of domestic society, and learnt that even books were not every thing to a human being. His conscience smote him; he was rich, but he was not happy; he was famous, but he was not happy; his griefs may be summed up in his own words, "I am alone." Alone even amid all the beauties of nature, all the trophies of intellect; and age, and perhaps infirmity approaching.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## BROADWAY BY LAMPLIGHT.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

HAVING paid a first visit to New York, several weeks since, and received my first impressions of far-famed Broadway by lamplight, I thought they might not be unacceptable to the readers of the Repository, in the form of a letter—hence this epistle.

We stepped into Broadway just as the hands of the illuminated dial that ornaments the belfry of the City Hall pointed to eight, and an instant afterward the several warning tongues of time in various quarters of the city told the hour to the multitudes that throng that great metropolis. It was the dark of the moon; the lamps in the square were burning brightly, and the street was otherwise brilliantly illuminated by lustrous jets of gas, that streamed through the plate-glass windows of the splendid stores, some adding a fresher bloom to the orange of Seville, the transparent grape of Malaga, and lighting up the dried fruits of every clime; while newly gathered exotics blushed in bouquets of every form of grace and loveliness in the crystal on the counters. Others flung soft shadows over the gorgeous silks and satins from the choicest looms of India and France, and made still whiter the snowy linens and fairy-like needle-work that embellished the windows. Again, the wavering flames of the burners lit up a small world of sparkling jewels, in their richly chased settings, that lay in beds of snowy cotton, like so many glittering drops of liquid fire. There was the pale diamond, emitting lambent flashes of green and gold; the blood-red ruby, like dewy currants overripe; the cream-like pearl, spotless and pure as if fresh from its ocean bed; the soft purple amethyst, the delicate topaz, the changeful emerald, holding the color of the sea in its bosom; the veined agate, and the turquoise, wearing the hue of the gentle forget-me-not; precious stones without number, countless blazing gems, all fashioned into forms of grace and elegance, and exhibiting the cunning skill of the graver, in the rich carving of the costly metal with which they were surrounded. We entered this storehouse of jewels, to take a hasty survey of the numerous works of art that crowded its lofty apartments above and below. There were rich services of silver plate, covered with delicate tracery-like frost-work; matchless groups in bronze, statuettes in alabaster and Parian marble, girandoles and candelabra, of exquisite shape and finish; vases, pitchers, cupids, doves, gods, and goddesses—old mythic stories, conveyed to you freshly by the plastic hand of the artist—graceful stands and ornaments in *papier mache*—in short, every thing to please the eye, and gratify the taste of the lover of the beautiful.

After an hour's enthusiastic admiration we regained the street, loth to leave scenes that conjured up childish visions of fairy-land, and joined that



portion of the crowd that was flowing up Broadway. Onward they came—men, women, and children, in two steadily opposing currents, forming a motley sea of human beings. There were the merchant and the man of wealth hastening to their reading-room or club—the professional gentleman, released from the duties of the day, seeking recreation for his over-taxed and weary mental powers—the fashionable clerk in his holiday regalia, with an Eve upon his arm, wending their way to some unexceptionable place of amusement—musical amateurs rushing toward Metropolitan Hall, to give themselves up to the enchantments of Alboni's bird-like voice—groups of well and ill-dressed people, whose steps tended to the theaters—an indescribable class of ragged, battered individuals, who had begun thus early to "make a night of it." And there, too, was penury, in its woeful garb, clinging to pale women and little children. Sorrow, crime, temptation, sin, wealth, luxury, all passions, pomps, and vanities of our nature, helped to swell those floating waves of life. We passed Stewart's marble palace of merchandise, the Metropolitan Hotel, with lights glowing from its richly draped windows, and a long line of carriages standing in front. Next came Grace Church, that venal sanctuary, where the blessed word of God is sold to the highest bidder, and the Pharisee, gathering his garments around him, says, by a look to the hapless, humble stranger, trespassing on his Christian courtesy, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou." We saw the splendid mansions of the sons of wealth, and our eyes glanced from their lofty walls to the beggar on the curb-stone, who, with hand stretched in mute asking, assailed the pity of passers-by. Yet who knows but that wretched, houseless, homeless being, shrinking in the lamplight, who to work was not able, and to beg was ashamed—who knows but the Father had already appointed him a mansion on high, and commissioned his angels to bear him from the cruel toil and sufferings of this life forever!

Again we paused, and ascending a short flight of stairs, were ushered into a dimly lighted apartment, where were but some half dozen others beside ourselves. These were quietly engaged in looking at "Salter's Cosmorama Views." In an instant we were transported to the cedar groves and silvery streams of Palestine, hovered in the gigantic shadows of ruined Balbec, gazed upon the rapids of overflowing Nile, marveled at the white glaciers of the rugged Alps, and looked rapturously on the vine-clad vales of sunny Italy. These views are more beautiful and lifelike than I can describe; and I fear there was a spice of envy in the glance with which I regarded the artist, who sat gravely reading his evening paper by the light of the solitary lamp—a feeling of covetousness, of the thousand pleasurable emotions which must have been his, as he slowly passed from one glorious scene to another, each a hieroglyphic in the page of history, enriched with holy or heroic asso-

ciations, each awakening a new thrill of delight, and solarizing itself on his memory. After looking long and earnestly at these delusive presentments of distant climes, we once more found ourselves in Broadway. Retracing our steps for several squares, we entered the "Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings," and were again lost in contemplation of the masterly productions of genius, which decorate those walls. No stranger should leave New York without first looking at those pictures, and lingering over their many beauties. Finding our evening well-nigh spent, we reluctantly bade adieu to the mute visions before us and rapidly regained the street. The foot-passengers were now few in number; but the heavily laden omnibuses still rattled along, and the luxurious carriages rolled by with their fashionable occupants, still intent on killing as much of the night as possible, and hurrying away to new scenes of pleasure. The concert was over, for the Hall was darkened; but laughter and applause still shook the walls of the groaning theaters. All the stores were closed, except the glittering confectionaries: these, with the hotels and fashionable eating-houses, were still open, though in the latter the servants were busily engaged in adjusting the night-covers of the richly damasked chairs and sofas. The Park was deserted and silent—even the fountain had ceased to send up its bright showers, that fall with melodious drippings into the basin below. We drew near the City Hall, and to our surprise saw, by the light of its glowing dial, that midnight was near at hand. At that hour, which closed a busy night for us, hundreds of human beings, who had lain in idleness all day, shunning the light as they would a pestilence, came creeping from their wretched hiding-places, stealing out from dark corners and unlighted by-ways—from loathsome dens and under-ground hovels, where crime, ignorance, and poverty herd together. Out under God's silent canopy they stalked to prey upon their fellows. Hunted by day, and fleeing still by night, they know all the windings and mysteries of that terrible quarter whose name has grown to be a by-word to the nation. Yet who may tell the temptations which first drew them in the downward path! what pangs of hunger or depths of suffering they may have known ere they plunged into that sea of vice from which they know no egress! In the heart of that despised and dangerous quarter, that has for years been given up to the children of iniquity, one, a humble minister of the lowly and forgiving Savior, has erected his Master's banner, and pleads with these fallen ones to come up and be cleansed. This work had its origin with Christian ladies, and by them is he sustained in his noble work. May that success which God alone can bestow, reward his efforts, and the Holy Spirit comfort and encourage him in his work of charity and love! Such, surely, must be the prayer of every Christian heart, and the hope of each philanthropic mind.

## SOUL, THE SANCTUM OF THE MIND.

BY GEORGE YORK WELBORN.

THE mind is a temple, whose broad corner-stone  
Was hewn from the base of the Deity's throne;  
Whose basement is boundless, whose arches so  
high,

They spurn the cold earth to lay hold on the sky;  
Whose sun-basking dome, in its vision can sweep  
The breast of the land, and the face of the deep;  
Its banner, so peerless, is calmly unfurl'd,  
To wrap in its folds all the ends of the world.

Within its broad threshold the soul is the shrine,  
The unsullied sanctum sanctorum of mind;  
And here, when ingratitude, sorrow, and grief  
O'erwhelm our fair prospects, we fly for relief.  
Our thoughts we call in, with contrition and fear,  
To make a thank-offering and sacrifice here;  
While conscience enthron'd with the scepter and  
crown,

May smile with delight or disown with a frown.

And O! when we bow in the meekness of love,  
The heavens grow brighter and brighter above,  
Till naught in this world our devotions can break,  
Though swept from the scaffold, or burn'd at the  
stake.

The soul and the mind sweetly mingle in one,  
When each its bright circle of duties has done:  
Their spheres are unlike, yet from heaven they  
came;

Their office is not, though their essence the same.

Though mind is a temple, no mortal, the while,  
Can tell whether Doric or Gothic the style;  
We know it is here, for its incense doth robe,  
In splendor and beauty, the face of the globe.  
The germ of true science grows strong in its shade,  
All embryo weal in its portals is laid;  
Yet never a one its proud fashion hath known,  
Its structure and form, but the Builder alone.

Though soul is the altar, no creature may see  
How high are its flames or how bright they may be;  
But some in their bosoms its odors distill,  
To garnish the thoughts and to quicken the will.  
All hail to the mission—the day-spring of thought,  
Whose gift to this touchstone of heaven is brought;  
Whose tribute, unshrined from the urn of the  
soul,

May leap from its casket and bound from control.

Thus prompted, launch out on life's billowy deep,  
Nor fear the bold waves that resistless may sweep;  
Keep steady your gaze on the landmarks ahead,  
And shake from your spirit all feelings of dread;  
Beware of the breaker, whose shipwrecking form  
May beckon your bark in the midst of the storm;  
Full many a boat has gone down in despair,  
And wreck'd the fond hopes of mortality there.

Be bold in life's combat, and never be seen  
To swerve from the dictates of conscience supreme;  
Speak true, and when spoken, no never recall,

Though matter is wreck'd and the heavens may  
fall;

Stand firm at your post when all others have fled—  
Your bosom is warm and your God overhead;  
Be noble, be manly, be valiant, be brave,  
Though envy may banter and malice may rave.

Strike, strike like a hero till life's sun is set—  
The chances are yours, and the palm may be yet;  
Let truth be your motto, in God put your trust;  
Prevail, if you can; even die, if you must;  
On, on, be your watchword, "but never give up,  
For Providence wisely has mingled the cup;"  
And what though in darkness and sorrow we plod,  
Our home is in heaven, our Father is—God!

## "I HEARD THY VOICE."

BY MRS. M. N. HUBBARD

"I HEARD Thy voice" in the swelling tone  
Of the tempest, as in its might,  
With a swift-winged host, it triumphed on,  
Through the solemn hours of night.  
It passed with its cloudy banners out,  
Pursuing its pathway of fear,  
And the distant strains of its pealing shout  
Died on the listening ear.

"I heard Thy voice" at early dawn,  
When the chorus of the earth  
Went up in one sweet echoing song,  
At day's rejoicing birth.  
A flood of gold and ruby light  
Poured o'er each landscape dim,  
And the chime of reawakening life,  
Hushed nature's choral hymn.

"I heard Thy voice" in ocean's song;  
It stilled my soul to awe,  
As the surging waves' fierce winds swept on  
O'er the pathless depths below.  
The crested billows sank in rest—  
The waters ceased their roar—  
And slept as ne'er the storm had passed,  
Or wildly reveled there.

And yet my heart had never heard  
Thy voice above earth's strife,  
Speaking the loved and lost restored—  
The dead to joyous life.  
Not in the tempest's fearful rage,  
Or ocean's solemn moan,  
Or nature's mingled anthem raised,  
Was heard life's kindling tone.

But, cloistered from life's deep unrest,  
Its fruitless, earnest care,  
When passion's darkening cloud had ceased  
To cast its shadow there,  
Even then Thy quickening voice I heard,  
Thrilling, and low, and sweet,  
Waking to love the answering chord,  
That ne'er again might sleep.

## DOMESTIC RELATIONS OF SCHOLARS.

BY E. F. WHIFFLE

WE come to a delicate subject, which every prudent man would wish to avoid—the relation of scholars to domestic life, their glory or shame as lovers and husbands. One great fact here stares us in the face—that the majority of those men who, from Homer downward, have done most to exalt woman into a divinity, have either been bachelors or unfortunate husbands. Prudence forbid that I should presume to give the philosophy of this singular, and, doubtless, accidental occurrence, or find any preestablished harmony between heaven-scaling imaginations and vixenish wives. Still, it must be said, that not only with regard to poets, but authors generally, a great many have been unhappily married; and a great many more, perhaps you would say, unhappily unmarried. The best treatise on divorce was written by the laureate of Eve and the creator of the lady in *Comus*. The biography of scholars and philosophers sometimes hints at voices neither soft nor low piercing the ears of men meditating on Greek roots, or framing theories of the moral sentiments. You all know the aidful sympathy that Socrates received from Xantippe, in his great task of confuting the lying ingenuities of the Greek sophists, and bringing down philosophy from heaven to earth. The face of one of England's earliest and best linguists is reported to have often exhibited crimson marks, traced by no loving fingers; and Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and English, must often have met and run together in his brain, as it reeled beneath the confusing ring of a fair hand knocking at his ears. The helpmates of Whitelocke and Bishop Cooper were tempestuous viragos, endowed with a genius for scolding, who burnt their husbands' manuscripts, and broke in upon their studies and meditations with reproaches and threats. Hooker, the saint and sage of English divinity, was married to an acute vixen, with a temper compounded of vinegar and salt-peter, and a tongue as explosive as gun-cotton. Addison espoused a countess; and spent the rest of his life in taverns, clubs, and repentance.

Some men of genius, Molière and Rousseau, for example, have had unsympathizing wives. Sir Walter Scott, walking once with his wife in the fields, called her attention to some lambs, remarking that they were beautiful. "Yes," echoed she, "lambs are beautiful—boiled!" That incomparable essayist and chirping philosopher, Montaigne, married but once. When his good wife left him, he shed the tears usual on such occasions, and said he would not marry again, though it were to Wisdom herself. A young painter of great promise once told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had taken a wife. "Married!" ejaculated the horrified Sir Joshua; "then you are ruined as an artist." Michael Angelo, when asked why he never married, replied: "I have espoused my art, and that occasions me

sufficient domestic cares; for my works shall be my children." The wives of Dante, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Steele, shed no glory on the sex, and brought no peace to their firesides. The bitterest satires and noblest eulogies on married life have come from poets. Love, indeed, has ever been the inspiration of poetry. From Theocritus all the way down to the young gentleman that dazzled in yesterday's newspaper, it has provoked millions on millions of good and bad verses, most of which have been kindly gathered by Oblivion under her dusky wing. Among these mountains of amatory poetry, there are doubtless some of the finest imaginations and truest and noblest sentiments ever breathed from the lips of genius; but the greater portion only prove, that if love softens the heart, it does not always decline performing a similar service to the head. I know a very sensible man who preserves in an iron box some of these metrical indiscretions of his youth, in order, if he is ever accused of a capital crime, that he may produce them as furnishing indubitable proofs of insanity. The most notable instance of inconstancy related in the "loves of the poets" is that of Lucy Sacheverell, to whom Colonel Lovelace, the Philip Sidney of Charles I's court, was warmly attached. He celebrated her accomplishments in some exquisite poetry; but, on his being taken prisoner in one of the wars of the time, and reported to be dead, she hastily married another. He soon returned to his native land, imprecated divers anathemas on the sex, and declined into a vagabond—dying perhaps of a malady, common enough in dark ages, but now happily banished from genteel society, a broken heart.

Perhaps the sweetest pictures in the poetry of human life are those which represent the domestic felicity of those authors who married happily. The wives of Wieland, Buffon, Gesner, Herder, Priestley, Wordsworth, not to mention others, are especially honored among women. Who has not sometimes seen, in the wife of scholar or artist, that elusive and unutterable charm, which has made his heart echo the praise of Fletcher's ideal Panthea?—

"She is not fair  
Nor beautiful; these words express her not;  
They say her looks have something excellent,  
That wants a name yet."

Wordsworth, with that pensive spiritualism which characterizes all his poetry relating to the affections, has in three lines fitly immortalized his own noble wife, as

"She who dwells with me, whom I have loved  
With such communion, that no place on earth  
Can ever be a solitude to me."

Wherever, in fact, a noble spirit has been fortunate in his domestic relations, he has left testimonials in his writings that those human affections, which are the monopoly of none, are more productive of solid happiness than wealth, or power, or fame; than learning that comprehends all knowledge; than understanding which sweeps over the whole

domain of thought; than imaginations which rise and run over regions to which the "heaven of heavens is but a veil." Lectures.

### THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

BY MRS. ELLEN H. WELLS.

WHEN this earth was in its primeval beauty and glory, man had intimate converse with his Creator. He walked and talked with God, and no interruption to this communion caused his heart to mourn. But sin was born, and interposed to sever the links betwixt earth and heaven—man and his glorious Author—and left the darkness of impenetrable night to settle in all its blackness over present scenes and future joys. While no ray of light dawned to cheer the gloom, all was desolate and drear. The steps of man were weary as he journeyed to the grave; but soon a voice, all musical, was heard, which chased the gloom and threw a blaze of light and life athwart the surrounding night. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," floats on the breeze in angel tones. Expiring Hope revives, and Death henceforth shall be a conquered foe—this orphaned earth still claims its origin divine and shares its Creator's love.

But no more is the voice of God heard as he walked in Eden's vale; other means serve to disclose his will, to make known his requirements, and draw man into communion with him. A throne of grace is erected, a mercy-seat established, and, through the blood of the covenant, we may draw nigh by faith, "ask and receive" all needed good.

And since it is our only hope, it is well if we consider the *privilege of prayer*. We conceive the question, with us, is not that of stern and iron-handed *duty* merely, but of *privilege*; not whether we *must*, but whether we *may* pray. Does the great God—the Creator of the universe, the upholder of all things—allow sinful mortals audience? May we petition the court of Heaven and disclose in the ear of the Eternal our griefs and fears, our joys and sorrows? Does he who "ruleth in the heavens, and to whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers," condescend to regard *our* prayers or listen to *our* complaints? O yes! in strains as sweet as fill the arched world of light we hear therefrom, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Blessed privilege! As children approach a parent, so may man his Maker, with the same confidence and hope.

And while it is our privilege to pray, we can but feel the necessity of prayer. We are in a world of sin and sinners; our natures depraved and erring; the inherent tendency of our being is against holiness and God; and how much we need the sustaining grace which is only given in answer to prayer! God has revealed conditions, through which we may receive his blessing and regain his likeness;

and it is by prayer only these results are obtained. Then, if we would be *holy* we must *pray*.

Implanted within are desires for happiness which can be satiated only by Him who formed them; and the loathings of our spirits to the corruptions which enshroud us can be removed only by Him who is our redeemer and purifier.

The pleasures of earth are as vanity, and its joys as dust in the balance; for our immortal natures demand something *elevating, enduring*; and it is only by prayer these ardent longings are removed, these desires satisfied.

We are in a world of misery and death; vice and ruin stare us in the face on every hand, and death only closes the fearful scene. Our friends die at our side, and the most touching affinities and tenderest ties are rudely wrecked and sundered by the hand of death. The loved ones of our hearts and homes lie in silence in the tomb, and our own limbs totter toward its brink. Soon its paleness will gather over us, the fever-fires scorch us, the consumptive pains waste us, and with one fearful stroke he'll weed us all away. Our natures start back and shrink in fear at the thought of the dying chill and loathsome charnel-house—corruption's fearful power—the revels of the feasting worm, and the stillness of the tomb. But there is a power which will enable us to rejoice and exclaim, "I would not live away;" it is the power of prayer. When friends sicken and die, and we gather up our feet in death, we may triumph through grace, and know that it is but the gate to endless joy—the entrance to the skies. The blessed Savior has been down into the grave and sanctified the believer's resting-place with his presence, dispelled the gloom, and caused the brightness of immortality to lighten their abode. If such glorious results crown the pathway of the man of prayer, what can we ask more, in view of our *necessities*, than the *privilege of prayer*?

While it is a privilege and necessity to pray, there is beauty in prayer. It is helplessness casting itself on power, and feebleness clinging to omnipotence. It is infirmity leaning on strength, and misery wooing bliss. It is unholiness embracing purity, and hatred desiring love. It is corruption panting for immortality, and earth-borns claiming kindred to the skies. It is "the flight of the soul to the bosom of God," and the spirit soaring upward and claiming nativity beyond the stars. It is the restless dove, on fainting wing, turning to its loved repose. It is the soaring eagle mounting upward in its flight, and, with steady gaze, pursuing the track till lost to all below. It is the roving wanderer looking toward his abiding place, where are all his treasures and his gold. It is the prisoner mourning his fetters and impatient to be freed, pleading for his release. It is the mariner of a dangerous sea upon the reeling topmast desecrating the broad and quiet haven of repose. It is the soul, oppressed by earthly soarings, escaping to a broader, purer sphere, and bathing its plumes in



the ethereal and eternal. O, there is beauty, such as earth has not, in prayer!

But there is also *power in prayer*. It derives its energy from the promises of God, and by faith in these promises it is omnipotent. The treasures of grace are ever open to the draft of prayer. Importunity opens the gates of heaven, and our prayers should near the character of importunate knocking at the barrier which limits our approach to almighty Goodness. The consciousness of the faintest secret wish, in the depth of the heart, to know and commune with the infinite Source of Holiness, should encourage us to knock and plead with unwearying perseverance, and never desist till we obtain the blessing. "Ask and ye shall receive," is our warrant for prayer, and we can not fail. Our prayers should be the holy violence of reiterated entreaty; they should be the loud and lengthened cry of him who finds no medium between a friendly access to the throne of God and the agonies of the lowest hell. These holy wrestlings and importunate pleadings; these groans unutterable, heard only by the ear of the Almighty; these sighs of penitence and tears of grief, which, in their agony, humbly motion Heaven for relief, are all-powerful at the court above. The highest emergencies must yield, for the word of the Eternal is pledged to answer prayer. It is sublime to view the majesty of its power—"heaven and earth shall pass away," but every promise shall be fulfilled in answer to prayer.

#### LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLENNOR.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

A journey, in olden times, from Ohio to Washington City.

Our last chapter left Mr. W. upon the eve of setting out on a journey to Washington City, to carry the official return of the votes cast by the Ohio electoral college, for President and Vice-President of the United States; and the reader may remember that we proposed to give in this chapter some extracts from his journal of that tour. The journey was performed on horseback, and in the most inclement part of the winter of 1808-9, when the roads were in the worst possible state, and while Mr. W.'s health was yet only partially recovered from a severe illness.

Traveling on horseback, then so universal in the west, particularly in the winter season, when no other mode was practicable, has now almost become obsolete; and, except to a very limited extent, is likely soon to be known only in history. And we here record, for the use of the future historian of the great west—who might otherwise never come to the knowledge of so important an item—the fact of

the then universal prevalence, in the backwoods, of that primitive mode of performing journeys. Mounted upon his trusty nag, exposed to the fierceness of the wintry blast, "the peltings of the pitiless storm," and the threatening floods of the swollen streams, the way-worn traveler had then to plod his weary and lonely way through mud and mire, at the rate of three or four miles an hour. But now he may seat himself upon a soft, velvet-cushioned sofa, in an elegant pavilion, warmed by stoves, and be whirled along by the untiring iron horse, upon a smooth, level iron track, at the rate of twenty-five or forty, nay, sometimes even sixty miles per hour!—thus almost annihilating time and space.

Nevertheless, the traveler on horseback possessed advantages which are denied to him who flies over the country in a railroad car. The latter can only get a momentary glimpse of the objects along his route, as they rapidly flit past him like shadows of the summer's clouds. And annoyed, as he continually is, by the snorting of the iron horse, the shrill and unearthly-like whistle of the engineer, the deafening roar of the wheels reverberating through the cars, and the perpetual gabbling of the scores of fellow-passengers around him, he has no chance to learn any thing concerning the objects he sees, nor of the people whose habitations seem continually gliding past him; nor, indeed, for calm reflection or profitable meditation upon any thing, unless he can so lock up the outward senses, or, rather, abstract the inner man from the outer world, as to be

"Midst busy multitudes, alone."

But the former—the traveler on horseback—while he jogged along at his comparatively snail-like gait, had abundance of leisure to scan minutely, with philosophic eye, every object that he passed; to examine the sparsely settled country through which his route lay, and to become acquainted with its inhabitants, their manners, habits, pursuits, and character. Or if wending his solitary way through the unbroken forest of majestic timber, or over the enchanting natural plain, covered with grass and flowers, he had ample time for reflection upon the sublime and beautiful in nature, and, with pious meditation,

"To look through nature up to nature's God."

Here, too, it was, in his long rides from one appointment to another, that the faithful itinerant herald of the cross studied out his plain, pointed, and soul-stirring sermons.

In thus contrasting the two modes of traveling, above indicated, by way of introducing the extracts from Mr. W.'s "Journal of a Tour from Chillicothe to Washington City, Performed in December, 1808," we are not so presumptuous as to claim for him any pretensions to the philosophic eye, the critical acumen, or the maturer judgment of older and more experienced travelers. The reader need not be told that the journalist was a green, young backwoodsman, who had seen but little of the world,

and whose knowledge of it was in a corresponding degree limited. But to the Journal.

"*Tuesday, December 13, 1808.* This day, about noon, set out on my journey to Washington City, bearing a package from the Ohio electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, containing the official return of their votes for those offices, and addressed to the 'Hon. George Clinton, President of the Senate United States, Washington City.' This package I am bound, under a heavy penalty, to deliver as addressed, before the first day of January next.

"About six miles from town I met Mr. M'Dowell, merchant, of Chillicothe, on his return from Philadelphia, and he informs me that the roads are intolerably bad, and that he had not been able to travel more than eighteen or twenty miles per day. I passed, this afternoon, through a number of small prairies, of very black, rich, and deep soil, covered with grass, and skirted with black haw and wild plum bushes. Over these prairies the road was almost impassable with deep mire, in which my horse was sometimes in great danger of sticking fast. In the evening, about dusk, I reached the house of Jacob Helms, and put up for the night. Here I am equidistant from Chillicothe and Lancaster—seventeen miles from each. My reflections this evening are not very pleasant, nor are my prospects at all encouraging. I am setting out on a long and tedious journey, a great portion of it over a rugged and dreary mountainous region, in very cold and inclement winter weather, am traveling alone, a stranger in a strange land, and, withal, in an infirm and feeble state of health. But

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'

"*Wednesday, 14th.* Started as soon as it was light enough to travel; the weather very cold. About noon I entered a tract of very poor and barren land, about five miles wide, consisting of bald, rocky knobs, crowned with a few stunted pines, and intervening brushy plains, with no timber, except here and there an old stump of oak.

"At Lancaster I met with the Rev. Robert Cloud, an old and distinguished Methodist itinerant minister, now located, and residing a few miles east of Lancaster. Having been for some years acquainted with his name and character, I was much gratified to have his company to within a short distance of his home, and found him very intelligent, well informed, and communicative. His friendly and instructive conversation was to me highly entertaining, and I parted with him with as much regret as if he had been an old and cherished friend. Night coming on soon afterward, I put up at a poor country tavern kept by a Mr. Murphy. Mine host here is an eccentric sort of man, and very talkative. Unasked he volunteered to tell me all about his affairs, his business arrangements, and his prospects of success.

"The bar-room—the only sitting-room in the house for travelers—is like the remainder of the building, in a dilapidated condition, freely ventila-

ted by many openings between the logs, of which the walls are built, and between the loose boards forming the ceiling. The floor is unprovided with carpet, but in place thereof is covered with mud and dust brought in upon the shoes of the bar-room customers. The bar is countered off in one corner of the room, and seems bountifully stored with bottles and kegs, filled with 'corn' and other drinkables. The only furniture is a few old 'split-bottomed' chairs, and the rough table at which I am writing. Around a poor fire of green beech-wood are seated some six or eight men—the *élite*, I suppose, of the immediate vicinity—who seem to have no other business on hand than to while away a long winter evening, and to diminish the contents of a gallon bottle of the 'o-be-joyful,' placed on the other end of the table on which I write. In the mean time I am unceremoniously shut out from the fire, shivering with cold, and my fingers so numb that I can hardly hold the pen.

"My bed-chamber adjoined the bar-room—the hall, which was designed to separate them, being not yet partitioned off. The front door of the hall, which, of course, opened into my bed-room, remained half open all night, as it could not be closed for the mud on the floor. No ceiling or loft overhead to protect me from the cold, piercing wind, which blew on me from the upper, unglazed windows, as well as from the half-open door, and through the wide openings between the logs. The cover on the bed was, I suppose, the same that graced it in the summer; and the night being very cold and windy, I lay shivering all night, and slept but little; and the marvel is that I escaped without injury from the exposure.

"*Thursday, 15th.* At early dawn I set off. The mud being frozen hard in the road, traveling on it was so rough that, to save my horse's feet, I shunned the road wherever it was practicable, and made my way over logs and through the brush. Half an hour after dark I reached Zanesville, and put up at Mr. Pratt's tavern—comfortable quarters. This day I traveled twenty-nine miles, a hard day's ride, over such bad roads, and in such very cold weather.

"*Friday, 16th.* About dusk put up at Knowles's, on Wills creek. Here, as usual, I occupy the bar-room, surrounded by a set of ill-behaved country chaps.

"*Saturday, 17th.* This day I rode twenty-seven miles, and put up at Gilbert's tavern, a dirty little hole of a place, with bad stable and wretched accommodations of every kind. Neither the landlord nor his family seem to know any thing about what is due to their guests, nor do they pay any attention to our wants or comfort. I can scarcely see how to make this entry in my journal, by the dim light of a poor, dirty candle, and no snuffers. Occasionally one of the landlord's daughters snuffed the candle with her fingers, and threw the snuff on the dirty floor, which had probably never been washed.

"*Sunday, 18th.* Reached Wheeling in the evening, and put up at Knox's tavern. Here I learn that a young merchant of the town died this day. He had just returned from the east, where he had purchased a large stock of goods. It seems he was irreligious, and, perhaps, unprepared to die; but was much respected and esteemed in this place, and his death lamented by all. In the morning of his days, with fair prospects and buoyant hopes of a long life of happiness and prosperity, he is suddenly cut down and called to his account. This instance of the uncertainty of life brings to my mind solemn reflections on death and eternity; and I ask myself, How shall I meet the king of terrors?

'Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or numbered with the blest?'

"*Monday, 19th.* Stopping at M'Kinley's, at the foot of the Ridge, for breakfast, I fell in with a Mr. Morgan, of Blue Licks, Ky., on his way to Jefferson county, Va.; and I expect to have the pleasure of his company that far on my journey. While at breakfast the snow began to fall, and continued all day. Our progress was slow, as our horses' feet were balled by the snow, and we were obliged to stop at M'Cutecheon's tavern, ten miles west of Washington.

"*Tuesday, 20th.* This morning the snow was eight inches deep and the weather intensely cold, so that we were obliged, once or twice, to stop and warm ourselves before reaching Washington, Penn., where we arrived about noon. Here we are joined by a Col. Connell, of Brooke county, Va., on his way to Richmond, and shall have his company to Winchester.

"*Thursday, 22d.* Snow continuing till Tuesday night, and the rain falling nearly all yesterday, we remained in Washington till this morning; and although the rain still continued, we resolved to pursue our journey. Heavy showers, at short intervals, fell throughout the day, and by noon the deep snow was all melted away and the road very muddy, and all the streams and drains full of water. We passed a sleigh drawn up by the side of the road, and a gentleman and two ladies standing beside it, who seemed pretty thoroughly-brought up. They had started in the sleigh two days before, on the fine fall of snow, to visit their friends at a distance; and here, the snow having all been dissolved, they are left in the mud. Expressing our sympathy for their misfortune, we passed on in a heavy rain. Wet through all our clothing by the frequent rains, we put up, at two o'clock, at Jackson's tavern, fifteen miles from Washington.

"*Friday, 23d.* From Brownsville to Uniontown the road was intolerably bad, and we were glad to put up at Gregg's tavern, in the latter place, an hour before night.

"Uniontown is a small place, built chiefly along one street, which is not more, I judge, than fifty feet wide, and at this time so horribly muddy that our horses are up to their knees in it at every step. The landlady tells us that the 'Cumberland—or

great western—road,' now being made by the United States, is to pass through this town. Here we are two miles from the western base of the Laurel Hill, one of the most formidable of the Alleghany range of mountains.

"*Saturday, December 24th.* We set off at eight o'clock this morning, and riding two miles, reached the foot of the mountain. About midway up, we stopped a few minutes on the top of a lateral ridge, to enjoy the beautiful prospect of the rich and cultivated country below us, which seemed spread out at our feet, and in favorable weather is in distinct view to the distance of thirty miles. But the enchantment of the view, on turning toward it, was greatly diminished by the intensely cold north-wester, which was directly in our faces, and dimmed by the snow, which was beginning to fall. Proceeding up the mountain and over its barren and rugged summit, with very bad and muddy roads, and a most piercing wind, we were able to make only twenty-three miles this day; and reaching the Youghioghan river, at the Great Crossings, we put up at Smith's tavern. This day is the seventh of stormy weather we have had, in which there was either rain or snow every day.

"*Sunday, 25th.* This day we crossed Negro, Meadow, and Savage mountains, the latter of which, I judge, is the dividing ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and those of the Mississippi Valley. We also passed, in the morning, the boundary line between the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland, readily noticed by the opening through the dense forest; as all the timber along the line, to the width of eighty or a hundred feet, had been felled, and the space was now covered with a thicket of bushes. And we frequently crossed the track of the National Road, which the United States is now constructing across these mountains to the great west. I observed that all the timber was cut off a breadth of twenty-two feet on each side of the road, leaving twenty-two feet in the center uncut, out of which the timber is to be grubbed up, and that space graded and covered with broken stone. It must be a herculean task to construct so fine a road, with so easy a grade, over a range of mountains so rugged and precipitous. But 'Uncle Sam' is rich, and he foots the bill.

"The cold this day was intense, and

'The fierce north wind with his airy forces,'

especially on the summits of the mountains and ridges, was so severe and chilling that I almost feared it would congeal the blood in my veins. Although I had over my coat a surtout and great-coat, both lined with flannel, I suffered severely and shivered with cold all day, and my face, hands, and feet were benumbed so as to be almost devoid of feeling.

"*Monday, 26th.* Started soon after daylight, and a ride of six miles brought us to the foot of the mountains; and an hour after dark we reached Higgins's tavern, and put up for the night. We have traveled this day thirty-two miles across the head-

waters of the Potomac river, and mostly over a poor, barren country, with sterile and sandy soil, seemingly not worth tillage, and covered with scrubby yellow-pine timber.

"*Tuesday, 27th.* Started at early dawn. With fine roads we traveled thirty-five miles to-day, which brought us to Winchester. Here I part with both my fellow-travelers—Col. Connell going to Richmond, Mr. Morgan to Sheppardstown, and I to Washington City, each by a different route.

"I have now expended all my money, having imprudently, but confidently, depended upon the payment of a note for twenty dollars, due me by a gentleman in Uniontown, Penn.; but who, when I called on him, to my great disappointment and dismay, was unable to pay any thing. Here I am, far from home, among strangers, penniless and unknown. What to do I wot not. If I sell my great-coat—and I see no other course left me—I shall greatly endanger my still feeble health by traveling in such cold weather without it.

"*Wednesday, 28th.* At breakfast, this morning, in conversation with my fellow-travelers, I casually alluded, in terms somewhat indefinite, however, to the unpleasant strait to which I was reduced. Neither of them seemed, as I thought, to understand, from what I said, my real situation; nor indeed did I intend that they should. But on rising from the table, Mr. Morgan beckoned me aside, and with an expression of friendly solicitude on his countenance, said, in a tone but little above a whisper:

"A remark which you made just now, leads me to apprehend that you may be out of . . . ls. Am I right in the conjecture?"

"I regret to say, sir, that you have conjectured aright," I replied, and then told him of my sad disappointment at Uniontown.

"Well, my good fellow," he rejoined, "I am glad you made it known before parting with us. How much will you need?" taking out his pocket-book as he spoke.

"Five dollars would take me to Washington, where I shall receive funds from the government."

"That is not enough; take this," said he, thrusting two five dollar bank notes into my hand.

"I thank you, my friend, for your generous kindness to a stranger; but one of these will be quite sufficient," and handing back one of the notes, I added, "When and where can I return this to you?"

"You can hand it for me to my friend, General Joseph Desha, member of Congress from Kentucky; or you may inclose it in a letter, after your return home, to my address, Lower Blue Licks, Ky."

"During this conversation I observed Col. Connell in another part of the room waiting for us; and when we turned toward him, he called me out to the porch, and made a like inquiry of me about the state of my funds, generously offering me any sum I needed. Thus was I relieved from my embarrassment in a way which I can not but look upon as Providential.

"Our horses being now at the door, we bade each other a warm and friendly adieu, and separately pursued each a different road—Col. Connell taking to the right, Mr. Morgan to the left, while I pursued the straightforward road to Washington.

"Traveling this day about thirty miles, I put up at a Mr. Green's, who pretends to keep a public house, but which is destitute of almost every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of travelers—a miserable hole of a place.

"*Thursday, 29th.* Starting early I reached Leesburg, Loudon county, twelve miles, to breakfast, and stopped for that purpose at the best-looking tavern I saw in the place. Seeing none other than colored persons at the house, I inquired, and found that it was kept by a tall, genteel, and fine-looking mulatto woman. At breakfast one of the dishes contained an article of food which I had never seen before, and the name of which I could not tell. Drawing the dish near me, I eyed it closely and suspiciously—not liking its looks—and asked mine hostess what it was. 'Pickled oysters, sir,' she hastily and pertly replied, with a curl of her lip and a toss of her head, which showed that she was both amused at my ignorance and offended at my scrutiny of what, I dare say, she considered a choice dish. Though not at all taken with the external appearance of the crustaceous 'critter,' curiosity led me to taste them. So, taking an oyster on my plate and cutting it into two pieces, I conveyed one of them to my mouth, with the purpose of testing, by the sense of taste, its adaptation to the palate. Whether the taste and palate were influenced by the unfavorable impression previously made upon the sense of seeing, I can not tell; but so it was, the taste promptly decided adversely, and the half oyster was quickly returned to the plate. Beginning now to feel some premonitory symptoms of losing my breakfast, I immediately desired mine hostess to remove the rejected delicacy from the table, out of my sight, which she did with evident contempt for my backwoods ignorance and rusticity.

"Pursuing my way seventeen miles further, I put up at Mrs. Russell's. The road I have traveled over this day is as bad as the worst I passed in Ohio, the mud being in many places up to my horse's knees.

"*Friday, 30th.* I am now at the 'City Hotel,' Washington, where I arrived early this afternoon. I soon afterward went to the hall of the house of representatives, and listened about two hours to the debate on a bill to raise the additional number of fifty thousand volunteers.

"*Saturday, 31st.* Called on Governor Tiffin, senator from Ohio, who, with Hon. Jer. Morrow—the sole representative of that state in the other house—accompanied me to the residence of the President of the senate—the venerable George Clinton, who is Vice-President of the United States, to whom Governor Tiffin introduced me as the special messenger of the electoral college of Ohio. He received me



very kindly and politely; and after delivering to him the packet containing the electoral votes, and obtaining his official receipt therefor, he honored me with several commonplace inquiries concerning the west, the state of the roads, the discomforts of such a long journey in such inclement weather, etc. Governor Clinton is a small man, rather below the middle size; his hair perfectly white, thick, and bushy, his complexion florid, and showing the glow of health—a fine-looking old gentleman, in the enjoyment of a green old age. He was one of the patriots of the Revolution, in which he took an active and distinguished part. Governor Tiffin and Mr. Morrow kindly accompanied me through all the offices of the Treasury Department, till I received payment of my account for bearing the electoral votes from Chillicothe to the seat of government."

Here the journal ends. Having completed the business on which he came to Washington, Mr. W. left early in the following week for Concord, Franklin county, Penn., where he formerly resided, to spend a few weeks among his friends there, where, after a detention of about eight days at Greencastle, by sickness, he arrived on the 14th January, 1809, and enjoyed much the warm and friendly greetings of his numerous relatives and former friends and associates.

Writing to his father, two weeks afterward, he says: "A few days after I came here, to amuse the young folks I made a prism, of a very simple construction. Getting a glazier to cut me three pieces of common window glass, each two inches wide and six inches long, I inserted the ends thereof into triangular grooves cut with a saw in two pieces of inch board, the edges of the glass being in contact, and closed the seams with putty, so as to make it water-tight, and then filled the prism with water, through a hole bored in one of the blocks. The gorgeous appearance of objects, seen through this rude philosophical instrument, fringed with the brilliant colors of the rainbow, surprised and delighted every one—old and young. Uncle James Widney took it down town to show it to the people of the village, none of whom had never before seen or heard of a prism, and it was considered a great curiosity. Various were the conjectures as to what it was made of, and how it produced the colors imparted to objects seen through it; and one or two, more sagacious than the rest, alleged that it was filled with *quicksilver*! Uncle himself is so enamored with the beauteous appearance of his garden, fields, houses, trees, rocks, and other objects seen through it, that he shows it to every body who comes to the house."

In the society of his numerous relatives and old acquaintances, whose kindness and friendship endeared them still more to him, Mr. W. spent the remainder of the winter most agreeably. Having pretty fully recovered his health, and the weather becoming mild enough to travel safely, Mr. W. set out, about the last of February, on his return to Ohio, and reached home on the twentieth of March.

His journal of this homeward tour is before us, and contains pretty full notes of commonplace incidents of travel, and of his observations and reflections by the way. But having already taxed the reader's patience pretty severely, we will not trespass further in that way.

NOTE.—We have continued our serial "leaves" through seventeen chapters; and their publication has extended through a period of over two years. We shall here drop the serial form, and our "leaves" which may appear hereafter, instead of being a continuous autobiography, will be graphic sketches of scenes and incidents of the olden time.

#### CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

THE earliest of those remarkable for their conversation whom I have known, was John Randolph, self-styled of Roanoke. He was, till premature old age and disease had shriveled him, uncommonly handsome. His face was almost fair enough for a lady's, and, indeed, of a woman-like beauty; eminently expressive of either passion or thought, in all their fittest forms, and lighted up by the absolute blaze of eyes—yet they were black—such as no one whoever saw him can fail to recollect as far the most brilliant he ever beheld. To these advantages of a visage that of itself almost spoke, he joined a voice and an utterance the most delicately clear that you can imagine. Except that it was, like his countenance, too feminine, nothing could exceed it, for the purposes of conversation. There, unexerted, and managed with the most curious art, it flowed in the most silvery sounds along its whole scale. Imagine an octave flute touched as daintily as possible by the fingers of a consummate master; it was even so that he played upon his voice when he talked. The singular tone and quality of the organ, its thinness, its fineness and the rare perfection of his articulation, enabled him to employ, even in social discourse, without any thing that displeased you, a sort of elocution which no other could have attempted. In him it seemed not merely natural, but the fittest possible vocal vehicle for a style of conveying his ideas which was altogether his own. All these things, if at all matched with the particular intellectual qualities they imply, would, you perceive, make him a great artist of dramatic effects and of the whole mystery of captivating attention and giving value to whatever he said; and, accordingly, he was, beyond any one I have ever seen, a master in that way. He knew how to convey as much by a word, a gesture, a look, as other people by a whole oration. Not to listen to him eagerly, as long as he chose, was impossible; for, like Pope's female wit, "his tongue bewitched as oddly as his eyes." You could no more get away from his spell of speech, the thrall-dom of hearing him, than could, in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," any wedding guest from the

fascination of that strange old fellow's glance and story. Let me not forget to mention that he delighted in reading aloud, and was incomparable in that rarest of elegant accomplishments. In it, I never heard any body likened to him but one, who barely approached him—his neighbor, Judge Peter Johnston. Randolph's reading was a delightful entertainment. It had all the effect of the finest and purest stage declamation; and yet it was subdued into almost the simple, quiet style of mere conversation. The poets, the orators, the essayists, never had a more perfect interpreter than his tongue. With Shakspeare, he would dissolve every listener in tears or convulse him in laughter; with Milton, lift you into all the solemn rapture of the sublime, and charm your ears and your fancy with the melodious wildness of Gray, or stir up your understanding with the pregnant harmony of Pope's verse. The last, however, came nearest, I think, to being his "one book;" upon it had he most shaped his thinking and modeled his style. Prose reading was, of course, mere play to him; for how should a divine solvist of the keyed horn have any difficulty with the penny whistle? I do not exaggerate when I say that by his art he seemed to mend the best things, while, by some undefinable charm or inscrutable trick, he gave an interest to the worst. I almost think he could have made one of Sam Houston's—old San Jacinto's—speeches sound like something more than the flaming fustian of an uncommonly foolish school-boy; could have made Carlyle appear to write English; could have rendered Emerson intelligible; Willis vigorous; and even—"the force of talent could no further go"—have put, now and then, a glimpse of something like meaning into Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." But hold! I grow incredible.

You are now prepared, I trust, to conceive how he talked. He was, till age, pain, and opium had soured him and made him fantastic and cynical, an admirable colloquist; easy, yet elegant; fanciful, yet instructive; by turns discursive and epigrammatic; sometimes all judgment, sometimes all paradox; serious or gay at will; wise, witty, or sentimental, as might be the genius of the hour; he was most various, and yet ever original, or, at least, seemed so. For, really, you might have met your own most familiar thoughts, in the novel garb of manner and expression into which he put them, and instead of recognizing them, you would take them for some distinguished strangers from some remote and rich realm of the intellect, which only he had ever visited. But all this was in his more genial time, before disappointed hopes of power had embittered, or—as I have said—disease blasted him, or his exclusion from the best joys of life rankled him into the miser and the misanthrope. Afterward, he grew sad, morose, sarcastic, selfish; lost his good breeding with his good spirits, and, of course, with both, the great charm of his conversation; which seldom shone again, except for a

few whom a higher respect exempted from his caprices and kept unalienated, faithful and pitying friends to the last of a life that was, after all, abortive; accomplished, by its fine powers, but little of fame, influence, or even personal happiness; and sank, toward its close, into hardly better than madness—a spectacle for fools, and a moral for the wise.

As to the fund of knowledge on which he dealt so well in dialogue and even spent so freely in speeches, it appeared to be very large and very fine. He certainly seemed, if he was not, a scholar, and even a much-accomplished one. His public performances, still more than his social conversation, got him that reputation; for into those much more than these he was fond of introducing quotations—not rarely Latin ones; and when he would dazzle less, some French and much Shakspeare. Yet I suspect that he was far rather a well-read gentleman and much versed in what was, in his day, called "Polite Literature"—that which has supplanted it has very properly dropped the "polite"—than in any degree learned. He who has cash enough to get some diamonds, and will occasionally show one in a crowd like Congress, where there are more stone-masons than lapidaries, will easily pass for being very rich, even though the jewels may be paste, or not his own. Now, first of all, I never have known a really good scholar who was addicted to dealing out scrap-Latin or shreds of any other lingo; quotations have gone out of fashion, except among those who can't translate them. Secondly, Randolph's had that mark by which the lack-learning of such things may ever be detected; they were always sentences often quoted before, and obviously, therefore, gotten at second-hand, not from the original source. Yet there were certain things in which a particular taste, a special ambition, and a boundless memory made him strong. He knew the local and family history of Britain better than any man in it; had the parliamentary annals at his finger ends; had its public history and biography by heart, so far as they could be derived from Hume and the memoir-writers; and was well-versed in the good old English literature, as far up as Spenser.

IL SEGRETARIO.

## THE BIBLE.

BY HON. HORACE F. BIDDLE.

How many human laws have been changed, how many constitutions overthrown, how many empires have crumbled to the dust since the Bible has governed Christendom? The Bible, merely as a literary production, is a great poem, a great history, and a great work on moral philosophy. It has the unity and grandeur of an epic; it contains the whole history of man, and teaches all his duty. The Bible could have no author but God.

## A WINTER EVENING.

BY MRS. R. C. GARDINER.

'TIS a wild, wild night. Down the long defiles  
The hurricane muttereth low;  
The rude winds rattle the loose roof-tiles,  
And drape the light casement with snow:  
They are whistling shrill through the hedge-bound  
lanes;  
They shriek as they cross the wide, bare plains,  
And roar in the glen below.

All day by the hearth of my cottage-home,  
With the bards of the olden time,  
I had laughed, I had wept, till the twilight gloom  
Stole soft o'er the witching rhyme;  
Till the dim shades crept through the dark'ning  
room,  
And the loud, wild storm in its might had come  
From its boisterous native clime.

I watch the quaint shadows that, flickering, fall  
On ceiling and panneling bare,  
While Memory hastens to bring at my call  
Her casket of diamonds rare:  
She toucheth the spring of her cabinet bright;  
She shows its sweet pictures with pensive de-  
light;

The past is daguerretyped there.

Ah, beautiful pictures! the shadows that play  
All around me from you are withdrawn;  
Ye bear the clear mien of the glorious day;  
Ye wear the rich colors of morn;  
Ye garner not grief—when the sky was o'ercast,  
The bright bow of hope spanned the cloud ere it  
past,

And the threatening darkness was gone.

Hark! hark! how the storm in its fury doth rise!  
The sailor's bride turns with affright  
From the low-swaying trees, from the stern-frown-  
ing skies,

To the fireside ruddy and bright.

Dim, dim is the light of her soft, loving eyes,  
For the dark, rolling sea wears its fearfulest guise,  
And her heart, O 'tis heavy to-night.

There's a frail, tott'ring hut on the hollow ravine,  
By the side of the old ruined mill;  
And the tireless snow drifteth steadily in  
With the rude wind's deadlier chill.

One wail of anguish prolonged and wild,  
And the mother claspeth her frozen child,  
And the pulseless bosoms are still.

Come back, O ye pictures of memory, come;  
Come back with your soft golden sheen;  
For the tempest hath borrowed the hues of the  
tomb,

And penciled a pitiful scene:  
Bring again the fair spring and the summer's rich  
bloom,

And brighten the walls of my low cottage-home  
With the light of your presence serene.

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## REMORSE.

BY MISS FREDERICK CARRY.

O, SWEETEST friend I ever had,  
How sinks my heavy heart to know,  
That life, which was so bright for thee,  
Has lost its sunshine and its glow!

I can not think of thee as one  
Sighing for calm repose in vain;  
Nor of the beauty of thy smile,  
Faded and sadly dim with pain.

Thou surely shouldst not be to-day  
Lying upon the autumn leaves,  
But in the border-fields of hope,  
Binding the blossoms into sheaves.

For, with a shadow on thy way,  
The sunshine of my life is o'er,  
And flowery dell and fresh greenholt  
Can charm my footsteps nevermore!

And if I have not always seen  
The beauty of thy deeds aright;  
If I have failed to make thy path  
As smooth and even as I might;

Not thine the fault, but mine the sin,  
And I have felt its heaviest curse  
Fall on the heart that aches to-day,  
With vain repentance and remorse—

A heart that lifts its cry to thee,  
Above this wild and awful blast;  
That, sweeping from the hills of home,  
Brings bitterest memories of the past.

O, sweet forgiveness, from thy love,  
Send to me o'er the waste between;  
Not as thou hop'st to be forgiven,  
For thou hast never bowed to sin.

Pure as thy light of life was given,  
Thou still hast kept its steady flame;  
And the chaste garment of thy soul  
Is white and spotless as it came.

## A CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY ALICE CARRY.

SWEETER than the songs of thrushes,  
When the winds are low;  
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,  
Reddening out of snow,  
Were the voice and cheek so fair,  
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,  
Climbing through the light;  
Like a priestess in the shadow  
Of the temple bright,  
Seemed she, saying, Holy One,  
Thine and not my will be done.

## RICHARD WHATCOAT.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

RICHARD WHATCOAT was born in Gloucestershire, England, in December, 1736. His parents were members of the Established Church. They were pious and devout people, and enjoyed, what was very uncommon in that day in England, the services of an evangelical, a devout, and pious pastor. The children, being early instructed in the theory, the spirit, and the practice of true religion, grew up to maturity in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

While the children were all yet young, the father died, leaving the mother with slender means to raise and educate her family. She managed, by industry, economy, and prudence, to keep together her family, consisting of two sons and three daughters, till the boys became of sufficient age to be put as apprentices to trades. At the age of thirteen Richard was bound as apprentice to Mr. Jones, of Birmingham. What was the species of trade to which he was put I find no means of learning. At the age of twenty-one, having fully accomplished the years of his apprenticeship, he went to Wednesbury, and commenced business for himself. Here he began to attend regularly Methodist preaching, by which he learned, that though he had led a sober and moral life, yet he needed renewal of the heart and sanctification of the soul. Having labored some weeks under serious conviction, and being one day "overwhelmed with guilt and fear," he was reading the Bible in retirement, searching for light and comfort for his darkened and anxious soul. When he came to these words, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," as he fixed his eyes on the words, in a moment the darkness was removed, and the Spirit bore witness with his spirit that he was a child of God. He was filled with unspeakable peace, love, and joy. From that time he became a devoted Christian, of exemplary life and holy temper.

He continued to reside in Wednesbury for nearly ten years, during which he acquired, by his amiable spirit and excellent character, much influence among the people, and became very useful as band-leader, class-leader, and steward in the Methodist society.

When a little rising thirty years of age, he began to hold religious meetings for exhortation and preaching in the country places adjacent to Wednesbury. Being encouraged by his success as a local preacher, he offered himself to the traveling connection, to which he was admitted in 1769. For fifteen years he traveled extensively and labored successfully in England, Ireland, and Wales. To get around some of his circuits required eight weeks of travel, and he often had to preach three times a day. On one circuit, finding the people poor, and unable to support preaching, he, in order to obtain means of living, sold his horse, and

walked all the year from one appointment to another on the circuit. Wherever he went he was useful, popular, and successful.

In 1784 he volunteered to accompany Dr. Coke to America. He was present at the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Christmas conference of 1784. From the time of his arrival in America till the General conference of 1800, he labored as a faithful minister, most of the time in charge of large districts. Such was the confidence of Mr. Wesley in his piety and talents, that in 1787 he signified to the American Methodists a strong desire that Whatcoat might be appointed bishop. But the General conference, not wishing to acknowledge the right of Mr. Wesley to govern the American societies, lest he might exercise that right in recalling Asbury to Europe, declined at that time to confer on Mr. Whatcoat the honor of the superintendency. In 1800, however, when no such reasons of expediency longer existed, they signified their estimation of his worth by electing him the colleague of the honored and beloved Asbury.

From his election as bishop in 1800 till his death, he traveled regularly over his vast parish, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Bay of Casco, preaching every day, visiting the conferences, and superintending, in connection with Asbury, the general interests of the Church. He died at Dover, Del., in July, 1806, at the age of seventy years.

We can give but a brief sketch of this good man. He kept no journal, and left but a meager record of his life. He wrote a short time before his death a short account of himself, that he might thereby "leave a trace of his experience and travels, as a grateful acknowledgment of the unmerited mercies and favors he had received from his gracious God, and the people among whom he had sojourned." This account, however, contains few incidents or facts of interest.

The uniform testimony of our fathers would induce us to believe Bishop Whatcoat a man of the most amiable temper, unassuming simplicity, and saintly piety. In the brief memoir found in the old Minutes, and undoubtedly written by Asbury, it is said, "We will not use many words to describe this almost inimitable man. So deeply serious! Who ever saw him light or trifling? Who ever heard him speak evil of any person? Who ever heard him speak an idle word? Dead to envy, pride, and praise; sober without sadness, cheerful without levity, careful without covetousness, and decent without pride. Although he was not a man of deep erudition, yet probably he had as much learning as some of the apostles and primitive bishops, and sufficient for the work of the ministry. He professed the justifying and sanctifying grace of God, and all who knew him might well say, If a man on earth possessed these blessings, surely it was Richard Whatcoat."

Bishop Asbury says of him in his funeral discourse, "I have known him intimately for nearly



fifty years, and tried him most accurately in the soundness of his faith in the doctrine of general depravity and the complete and general atonement; of the insufficiency of either moral or ceremonial righteousness for justification, in opposition to faith alone in the merit and righteousness of Christ; and in the doctrine of regeneration and sanctification. I have known his holy manner of life; his attention to duty at all times, and in all places, and before all people, as a Christian and a minister; his long-suffering and endurance in great affliction of body and of mind, having been exercised with severe diseases and in great labors. But this did not abate his charity, his love of God and man, in all its effects, tempers, words, and actions. He bore with resignation and patience great temptations, bodily labors, and inexpressible pain. In life and death he was placid and calm. As he lived, so he died."

Having thus collected from every source we can all the light that may be brought to bear on the character of Bishop Whatcoat, we must leave him with only a few dim and misty rays of evening twilight lingering about his name. Yet from his purity of character, his gentleness of spirit, his kindness to man, his love to God, and his saintly piety, we have no doubt but in that world to which he has gone he holds an exalted place among those who "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. J. B. FINLEY.

A SCRAP FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

DURING the eventful struggle of the Revolution the fires of patriotism glowed as intensely in the hearts of the females as the males. Often have I listened with indescribable emotions to the patriotic songs sung by the melodious and soul-inspiring voices of the patriot mothers and daughters of that day.

One has said, let me write the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws. This remark is full of meaning. No one can tell the wonders achieved by the power of the patriotic songs of a country. It matters not how homely they are. If they breathe the spirit of the times, they touch the heart and rouse it to action. The "Hail Columbia" of America, "Hail to the chief" of Scotland, "Britannia rules the wave" of England, the "Marseilles Hymn" of France, the "Erin go Bragh" of Ireland, have accomplished more in infusing patriotism and a military spirit into the minds of the people than all other agencies combined.

We well understand the power of *holy* song in rousing the dormant soul and raising the thoughts to heaven. That inimitable poet Charles Wesley understood the power and influence of song, who,

when asked by a dissolute company for a song, and being allowed to sing one of his own composing, commenced,

"I've listed into the cause of sin—  
Why should a good be evil?  
Music, alas! too long has been  
Press'd to obey the devil.  
Drunken, or light, or lewd, the lay  
Tends to the soul's undoing;  
Serves but to strew with flowers the way  
Down to eternal ruin."

So, gentle reader, you see I took my birth in the storm of war, and my nursery tales and songs were all of war. Often while my precious mother would sing to me the mournful dirge of death have I seen the tears steal down her calm and quiet face, and, while my heart would beat with unutterable emotions, I have felt the spirit of revenge rise and kindle my whole nature into a storm.

My parents and relatives were all Presbyterians, except my grandmother Bradley, who was a Whitefield Methodist, and had been converted to God in her early life by the ministry of that distinguished and eloquent man of God, Rev. George Whitefield. She was a zealous and happy Christian. Her experience was bright and clear on the subject of experimental religion, and differed from the most of professors, as also from the experience of her ministers. This often brought on a controversy between her and her ministers and Christian friends. She expressed, in clear and direct terms, her belief in the witness of the Spirit, and always bore testimony to the fact that she knew God had power on earth to forgive sins, because she felt in her own heart the pardoning love of God. Such a profession was regarded by both preachers and people as presumptuous, if not, indeed, a species of fanaticism. The doctrine then taught was, that forgiveness of sins could not be known till death or after death, and that it was necessary for us to commit some sin to prevent self-exaltation and vain confidence. It was urged as impossible for man to know his sins forgiven, because the decrees of God concerning election were secret, and could not be revealed or made known till death, or after the soul passed into the spirit-world. From all this she warmly dissented, affirming that she knew the time and place of her conversion, and that she had the witness of the divine Spirit bearing witness with her spirit that she was a child of God.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, the new world, as it was then called, or, in other words, the land of Boone—Kentucky—excited the attention of my father and others, who were personally acquainted with Col. Boone; and taking with him two of his brothers and as many others of the neighbors as desired to accompany him, he started out on a tour of exploration. It was in the spring of 1784 that they entered upon this expedition; and, after traversing the length and breadth of the land, they returned in the summer, with the most glowing accounts of this terrestrial paradise, this new Cannan, "flowing with milk and honey." No

sooner had this intelligence been received than many families resolved to emigrate. My grandparents, being too old to encounter the perils and fatigues of the wilderness, were not inclined to go: whereupon my father yielded to their wishes, abandoned his purpose of going to Kentucky, and removed with his parents to Virginia, and settled between the north and south branches of the Potomac. Here my father had two congregations, to whom he ministered the word of life.

Not satisfied with his location, and still yearning after Kentucky, in the course of two years he crossed the Mountains, and came to George's creek, near to where the town of Geneva now stands. In this place he gathered a congregation, and preached with great success and popularity.

At the time my father resided in the Redstone country there was a great excitement in the Presbyterian Church about Psalmody. The introduction of Watts's hymns was considered a monstrous departure from the faith of the Church, and, in some instances, divided Churches and families. My father used them alternately, and thus brought on him and the Rev. Joseph Smith much persecution. But the work of the Lord revived, and his power was greatly manifested in the awakening of sinners. I recollect at a sacrament held in Mr. Griffin's barn, on the Sabbath day, that forty persons cried aloud for mercy, and many of them fell to the floor. This was considered the greatest meeting ever known in the country for the noise; but many of them professed to obtain religion. Some time after this a sacramental meeting was held at Laurel Hill Meeting-house, in the vicinity of Uniontown, as now called. On Saturday afternoon, my father asked a Methodist minister to conclude the public services by an exhortation. This was much lauded by some of the old folks, and inquiries were made as to who he was. One Mr. Cree, who knew him, said that he was a Methodist. Then said one of the ruling men, "Finley has shown his cloven foot." The next morning Rev. Karey Allen was to preach, and he saw an advertisement stuck up on the stand, which he took down, and read, as follows: "I do hereby publish the bans of marriage between Robert W. Finley and the Methodist preacher. Any person having any lawful objection let him now declare it, or forever after hold his peace." Mr. Allen instantly exclaimed, with a loud voice, "I forbid the bans; and the reason is, they are too near akin." This made many leave the congregation; but the Lord continued to pour out his Spirit, and many professed to find peace in believing.

My father labored in this field for two years; but he was not yet satisfied; Kentucky was the land of promise; and accordingly, in the fall of 1788, when Pomona was pouring her richest treasures into the lap of the husbandman, he, in company with several others, cut loose from their moorings at the mouth of George's creek, to emigrate to the rich cane-brakes of Kentucky. I shall never forget the deeply thrilling and interesting

scene which occurred at parting. Ministers and people were collected together, and after an exhortation and the singing of a hymn, they all fell upon their knees, and engaged in ardent supplication to God, that the emigrants might be protected amid the perils of the wilderness. I felt as though we were taking leave of the world. After mingling together our tears and prayers, the boats were loosed, and we floated out into the waters of the beautiful Ohio. It was a hazardous undertaking; but such was the insatiable desire to inherit those rich lands, and enjoy the advantages of the wide-spreading cane-brakes, that many were the adventurers; and although many lost their lives, and others all they possessed, yet it did not for a moment deter others from the perilous undertaking. The rush to California at the present time shows what is the extent of hardships men, with the bare possibility of bettering their condition, will cheerfully undergo.

The Indians, jealous of the white man, and fearful of losing their immense and profitable hunting-grounds from the great tide of emigration which was constantly pouring in upon them, were wrought up to the highest pitch of fury, and determined to guard, as far as possible, both passes to it; namely, the Ohio river and the Old Crab Orchard road, or Boone's old trace, leading from the southern portion of Kentucky to North Carolina. They attacked all boats they had any probability of being able to take, using all the strategy of which they were masters to decoy them to the shore. Many boats were taken and many lives were lost through the deceit and treachery of the Indians and white spies employed by them.

The day on which the emigrants started was pleasant, and all nature seemed to smile upon the pioneer band. They had made every preparation they deemed necessary to defend themselves from the attack of their wily foes. The boat which led the way as a pilot was well manned and armed, on which sentinels, relieved by turns, kept watch day and night. Then followed two other boats at a convenient distance. While floating down the river we frequently saw Indians on the banks, watching for an opportunity to make an attack.

Just below the mouth of the Great Scioto, where the town of Portsmouth now stands, a long and desperate effort was made to get some of the boats to land by a white man, who feigned to be in great distress; but the fate of William Orr and his family was too fresh in the minds of the adventurers to be thus decoyed. A few months previous to the time of which I am writing this gentleman and his whole family were murdered, being lured to shore by a similar stratagem. And but a few weeks before we passed the Indians attacked three boats, two of which were taken, and all the passengers destroyed. The other barely escaped, having lost all the men on board, except the Rev. Mr. Tucker, a Methodist missionary, who was sent by the bishop to Kentucky. Mr. Tucker was wounded

in several places, but he fought manfully. The Indians got into a canoe and paddled for the boat, determined to board it; but the women loaded the rifles of their deceased husbands, and handed them to Mr. Tucker, who took such deadly aim, every shot making the number in the canoe less, that they abandoned all hope of reaching the boat, and returned to the shore.

After the conflict this noble man fell from sheer exhaustion, and the women were obliged to take the oars, and manage the boat as best they could. They were enabled to effect a landing at Lime-stone, now Maysville; and a few days after their protector died of his wounds, and they followed him weeping to his grave. Peace to his dust, till it shall be bidden to rise! Though no stone marks the spot where this young hero-missionary lies, away from his home and kindred, among strangers in a strange land, his dust is sacred, till the resurrection morn, when it shall come forth reanimate to inherit immortality.

But to resume our narrative. Being too well posted in Indian strategy to be decoyed, we pursued our journey unmolested. Nothing remarkable occurred, save the death of my much-loved grandmother. The day before we landed at Lime-stone she took her mystic flight to a better world. This was the first time I was privileged to see a Christian. Her faith was strong in the God of her salvation; and while surrounded by her weeping friends, whom she affectionately addressed, and bidding them all a last farewell, she repeated the following verse, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus:

"O, who can tell a Savior's worth,  
Or speak of grace's power,  
Or benefits of the new birth,  
In a departing hour?  
Come nigh, kind death;  
Untie life's thread;  
I shall to God ascend;  
In joys I shall then with him dwell  
Joys that shall never end."

The recollections of this kind mother in Israel are still fresh in my memory. When a child she would frequently take me into her closet, and there, while engaged in her private devotions, like Hannah of old, she would lay her hands on my head, and dedicate me to God. Her remains were committed to the dust in Maysville, and the Rev. Karey Allen, of blessed memory, preached her funeral sermon. The impressions made on my youthful mind by the prayers and invocations of my sainted grandmother were never erased; and when the natural inclinations of my depraved heart would have led me into infidelity, her godly life and triumphant death would come to my recollection with irresistible power, and confirm me in the truth of Christianity.

In company with my father, and in his boat, there were two missionaries—the Revs. Karey Allen and Robert Marshall—and also Mr. James Walsh and Mr. Matthew M'Neman, both of whom after-

ward became ministers in the Presbyterian Church. As soon as my father could make the necessary arrangements, he removed his family to the town of Washington, Mason county, Ky., and remained there during the winter. It was in this place that I saw for the first time that great adventurer, Simon Kenton. He was truly the master-spirit of the times in that region of country. He was looked up to by all as the great defender of the inhabitants, always on the *qui vive*, and ready to fly at a moment's warning to the place of danger, for the protection of the scattered families in the wilderness. Providence seems to have raised up this man for a special purpose; and his eventful life, and the many wonderful and almost miraculous deliverances, in which he was preserved amidst the greatest perils and dangers, are confirmatory of the fact, that he was a child of Providence.

"NIGHT THOUGHTS."

BY MARY WILCOX.

THE last red gleam of the sunset's ray  
Has slowly and sadly passed away,  
And the stars look down with a calm, pure light;  
For the night is here—the clear and cloudless night.  
It has come with its still and mournful hours;  
Its shades lie dim on the closing flowers;  
The winds are breathing their music low,  
As if to mourn, by its ceaseless flow,  
That another long, bright, sunny day  
Has forever passed from the earth away.

This hour is sacred to solemn thought,  
For the earth is still, and its cares forgot;  
A thousand orbs, with beauty bright,  
Gleam downward through the shades of night;  
While memory's holy ray brings back  
Many a scene from life's faded track—  
Words that were spoken in years gone by,  
Forms that are dwelling above the sky,  
Music that rang with a silvery flow,  
Smiles that were saddened long ago:  
They have passed away, but still they are bright.  
O, what were the earth without memory's light?  
A rayless midnight—a thorny way—  
A dreary waste, where none might stay.  
But now, though deep in the shade it lies,  
It hath many glimpses of sunny skies.  
Though blasts sweep o'er it, and dark storms lower,  
It hath many a calm and peaceful hour:  
And though our tears are like rain-drops shed  
For those who rest with the silent dead;  
Though the light of their smiles is seen no more,  
Nor their voices heard as in days of yore;  
Yet we think of them when the dim stars burn,  
And the hues of the shadowy past return,  
And its faded joys again are bright;  
For memory reigns in the sad, still night.

## LONDON STREET-MARKETS ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE street-sellers are to be seen in the greatest numbers at the London street-markets on a Saturday night. Here, and in the shops immediately adjoining, the working-classes generally purchase their Sunday's dinner; and after pay-time on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning, the crowd in the New Cut, and the Brill in particular, is almost impassable. Indeed, the scene in these parts has more of the character of a fair than a market. There are hundreds of stalls, and every stall has its one or two lights; either it is illuminated by the intense white light of the new self-generating gas lamp, or else it is brightened up by the red smoky flame of the old-fashioned grease lamp. One man shows off his yellow haddock with a candle stuck in a bundle of firewood; his neighbor makes a candlestick of a huge turnip, and the tallow gutters over its sides, while a boy shouting "Eight a penny, stunning pears!" has rolled his dip in a thick coat of brown paper, that flares away with the candle. Some stalls are crimson with the fire shining through the holes beneath the baked chestnut stove; others have handsome octohedral lamps, while a few have a candle shining through a sieve: these, with the sparkling ground-glass globes of the tea-dealers' shops, and the butchers' gas-lights streaming and fluttering in the wind, like flags of flame, pour forth such a flood of light, that at a distance the atmosphere immediately above the spot is as lurid as if the street were on fire. The pavement and the road are crowded with purchasers and street-sellers. The housewife in her thick shawl, with the market-basket on her arm, walks slowly on, stopping now to look at the stall of caps, and now to cheapen a bunch of greens. Little boys, holding three or four onions in their hands, creep between the people, wriggling their way through every interstice, and asking for custom in whining tones, as if seeking charity. Then the tumult of the thousand different cries of the eager dealers, all shouting at the top of their voices, at one and the same time, is almost bewildering. "So-old again," roars one. "Chestnuts all 'ot, a penny a score," bawls another. "An 'aypenny a skin, blacking," squeaks a boy. "Buy, buy, buy, buy, buy—bu-u-y!" cries the butcher. "Half-quire of paper for a penny," bellows the street-stationer. "An 'aypenny a lot, ing-uns." "Two pence a pound, grapes." "Three a penny, Yarmouth bloaters." "Who'll buy a bonnet for fourpence?" "Pick 'em out cheap here! three pair for a halfpenny, bootlaces." "Now's your time, beautiful whelks, a penny a lot." "Here's ha'porths," shouts the perambulating confectioner. "Come and look at 'em! here's toasters!" bellows one with a Yarmouth blonter stuck on a toasting-fork. "Penny a lot, fine rassets," calls the apple-woman: and so the Babel goes on. One man stands with his red-edged mats hanging over his back and chest, like a herald's coat; and the girl, with her basket of walnuts, lifts her brown-stained fingers

to her mouth, as she screams, "Fine warnuts! sixteen a penny, fine war-r-nuts." A bootmaker, to "insure custom," has illuminated his shop-front with a line of gas, and in its full glare stands a blind beggar, his eyes turned up so as to show only "the whites," and mumbling some begging rhymes, that are drowned in the shrill notes of the bamboo-flute-player next to him. The boy's sharp cry, the woman's cracked voice, the gruff, hoarse shout of the man, are all mingled together. Sometimes an Irishman is heard with his "fine ating apples;" or else the jingling music of an unseen organ breaks out, as the trio of street-singers rest between the verses. Then the sights, as you elbow your way slowly through the crowd, are equally multifarious. Here is a stall glittering with new tin saucepans; there another, bright with its blue and yellow crockery, and sparkling with white glass. Now you come to a row of old shoes arranged along the pavement; now to a stand of gaudy tea-trays; then to a shop with red handkerchiefs and blue-checked shirts, fluttering backward and forward, and a counter built up outside on the curb, behind which are boys beseeching custom. At the door of a tea-shop, with its hundred white globes of light, stands a man delivering bills, thanking the public for past favors, and "defying competition." Here, along side the road, are some half-dozen headless tailors' dummies, dressed in Chesterfields and fustian jackets, each labeled, "Look at the prices," or "Observe the quality." After this is a butcher's shop, crimson and white with meat piled up to the first floor, in front of which the butcher himself, in his blue coat, walks up and down, sharpening his knife on the steel that hangs to his waist. A little farther on stands the clean family, begging, the father with his head down as if in shame, and a box of lucifers held forth in his hand—the boys in newly-washed pinafores, and the tidily got-up mother with a child at her breast. This stall is green and white with bunches of turnips—that red with apples, the next yellow with onions, and another purple with pickling cabbages. Such, indeed, is the riot, the struggle, and the scramble for a living, that the confusion and uproar of the New Cut on Saturday night have a bewildering and saddening effect upon the thoughtful mind. Each salesman tries his utmost to sell his wares, tempting the passers-by with his bargains. The boy with his stock of herbs offers "a double 'andful of fine parsley for a penny;" the man with a donkey-cart filled with turnips has three lads to shout for him to their utmost, with their "Ho! ho! hi-i-i! what do you think of this here? a penny a bunch—hurrah for free trade! *Here's* your turnips!" Till it is seen and heard, we have no sense of the scramble that is going on throughout London for a living. A living, did I say?—it is scarcely a living, but a struggle, a constant and a mighty struggle, to escape the grasp of death.—*Mayhew's London Labor and London Poor.*



## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**—Mr. Whipple says that dignity is often a veil between us and the real truth of things. Wit pierces this veil with its glittering shafts, and lets in the "insolent light." Humor carelessly lifts up the curtain, swaggers jantily into the place itself, salutes the amazed wire-pullers with a knowing nod, and ends with slapping Dignity on the back, with a, "How are ye, my old boy?"

**SICKLY SENTIMENTALISM.**—Horace Smith sets off with admirable satire affected and mincing elegance in the story told of a city miss. She had read much of pastoral life, and once made a visit into the country for the purpose of communing with a real shepherd. She at last discovered one, with the crook in his hand, the dog by his side, and the sheep disposed romantically around him; but he was without the indispensable musical accompaniment of all poetic shepherds, the pastoral reed. "Ah! gentle shepherd," softly inquired she, "tell me where's your pipe?" The bumpkin scratched his head, and murmured brokenly, "I left it at home, miss, 'cause I haint got no baccy!"

**EFFECT OF READING A TRANSCENDENT DRAMATICO WORK.**—I never was so fiercely carried off by Pegasus before; the fellow neighed as he ascended.—*John Foster.*

**LAND-OWNING VS. BRAIN-OWNING.**—The brother of Beethoven, to distinguish himself from his landless brother, signed his name, "Von Beethoven, Land-owner." The immortal composer retorted by signing his, "Ludwig Von Beethoven, Brain-owner."

**SURFEITING REBUKED.**—An alderman having feasted Theodore Hook to repletion, and still insisting upon his partaking of another course, he facetiously replied, "I thank you, but if it is all the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

**SOCRATES ON PATRONAGE.**—Archelaus, a powerful monarch, offered Socrates a handsome pension, if he would come and reside at his court. The answer of the philosopher was as independent as laconic: "At Athens meal is two pence the measure, and water may be had for nothing."

**ATHEISM.**—From the owl, "dark bird of night," taking its stealthy flight "athwart the moon," Mr. Coleridge derives a fit emblem of Atheism. This idea he has clothed in the drapery of grand and beautiful poetry:

"Forth from his dark and murky hiding-place—  
Portentous sight!—the owl Atheism,  
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the moon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,  
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,  
Cries out, 'WHERE IS IT?'"

**A HAT-FULL OF PEARLS.**—Being present at a rehearsal of Jenny Lind, the celebrated Lablache was so delighted with her singing, that he came up to her and said enthusiastically, "Give me your hand; every note in your voice is a pearl." "Give me your hat," was the reply of the fair singer; and then putting it up to her mouth, and giving one of her incomparable *roulades*, "Here," said she, "is a hat-full of pearls for you."

**THE CRITICAL SEVERITY OF MACAULAY.**—There is no critic who is less tolerant of mediocrity. There is no show of mercy in him. He carries his austerity beyond the bounds of humanity. His harshness to the captive of his criticism is a transgression of the law against cruelty to animals. Among a squad of bad writers—if the simile be allowable—he seems to exclaim with the large-boned quadruped that danced among the chickens, "Let every one take care of himself!"—*Boston Miscellany.*

**THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE.**—A Yankee is never upset by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mists of Niagara. One of this class sauntered into the office of the lightning telegraph, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington. "Ten minutes," was the reply. "I can't wait," was his rejoinder.

**ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.**—I once heard a good story, illustrative of the nature and reliability of the evidence upon which learned theories are sometimes built, told by the celebrated Judge Longstreet, of Georgia, author of the "Georgia Scenes." Some twenty years ago, when the south-western part of Georgia was yet a wilderness, having been but recently abandoned by the powerful tribes of the Creek Indians, who still occupied the west bank of the Chattahoochee, and the city of Columbus was just rising into the character of a frontier village, the Judge was called to make a professional visit to this shire-town of the new county of Muscogee. While he was detained there, one evening, near sunset, he wandered down by the river side, and sauntered leisurely along its bank. As he passed along he saw an Indian canoe resting against the shore, and not far off, sitting on the ground, a stout, middle-aged Creek Indian, who was humming a low and rather plaintive tune. Just as he had passed by the Indian finished his song and rose to his feet. The closing strain was uttered more briskly and audibly than the rest; and the final word, which was very distinctly expressed, seemed to be *hallelou*. This at once suggested to the learned listener the ethnological theory that makes the American Indians the lost tribes of Israel. He turned around, and calling to the savage, who was in the act of departing, requested him to repeat the song, purposing to carefully note all its parts, to detect in it, if possible, any traces of a Hebrew melody, and especially to examine the final *hallelou*. But the Indian answered with an abrupt guttural *no*, and still made signs of departing, answering each repeated solicitation with the same monosyllabic refusal. The bright hopes that at first gleamed on the mind of the inquirer were giving place to disappointment, when the Indian, suiting the action to the purpose so obstinately persisted in, turned rapidly toward the river, saying, as he went, *who-o! THAT'LL DO!*—*Dr. Curry.*

**JOHN FOSTER ON NOVELS.**—I have often maintained that fiction may be much more instructive than real history. I think so still; but viewing the vast rout of nov-

\**Nho-o*—guttural for *no*.

els as they are, I do think they do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them all together and make one vast fire of them; and I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah; the judgment would be just.

**USE OF ARROWS IN A MOHAMMEDAN PARADISE.**—The Franks neither know how to make arrows, nor how to use them. It is known by the traditions that the Prophet being asked what the faithful would do in Paradise, answered, "We shall eat and drink, and dally with boys and houris, and shoot with arrows." This exercise being the favorite exercise of the Prophet, the infidels could never make any progress therein.—*Edeas Effendi*.

**PRIVATE VS. PUBLIC MORALS.**—Falseness and insincerity, unsuitable as they seem to the dignity of public transactions, offend us with a less degrading idea of meanness, than when they are found in the intercourse of private life. In the latter, they discover a want of courage; in the other, only a defect of power; and, as it is impossible for the most able statesman to subdue millions of followers and enemies by their personal strength, the world, under the name of policy, seems to have granted them a very liberal indulgence of craft and dissimulation.—*Gibbon*.

**HIDDEN MEANINGS.**—The mania of discovering mysteries in the most simple things, and hidden meanings in the clearest phrases, would have rendered the school of Aristotle, among the Arabians, if he could have appeared once more upon earth, quite unintelligible to the philosopher himself.—*Sismond's Lit. So. Europe*.

**SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.**—Interpreters of Scripture sometimes display a great share of acuteness in detecting novel and ingenious meanings, and tracing distant allusions in the sacred text; and, after the manner of the comparative anatomists, who, from a single bone, can not only construct the entire skeleton to which it belonged, but also describe from it the habits and modes of life of its possessor, these interpreters, from a single expression, of very doubtful relation to the imagined subject, are able to form a complete theory of all the facts and circumstances of the case. A case of this kind lately came under notice. The subject under consideration was the earnest wish of the patient man of Uz, that his "adversary had written a book." The whole difficulty is solved at once, said the astute exegetist, by understanding that Job was a reviewer, and, therefore, had his adversary become an author, he would have, by that event, fallen into the power of the sufferer. This theory has the two great requisites of theoretical expositions—it is opposed to nothing stated in collateral remarks, and it meets the conditions and requirements of the case.

**POETRY WANTING FIRE.**—While Thomas Campbell was prosecuting his studies at the University of Glasgow, he occupied the same apartments with an elder brother, who, though no poet himself, was an admirable critic, and possessed a species of dry, sarcastic humor, peculiarly his own. He had descended to the breakfast-room one morning, leaving the poet to follow at his leisure. After waiting some time he commenced his meal in solitude, and had nearly finished, when his brother entered with a copy of verses in his hand, which he laid on the table as an excuse for the delay, at the same time requesting his opinion of their merit. The reply was quite characteristic: "Your lines are admirable, but they want fire;" and, suiting the action to the word, the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames.

**DR. PARR'S EGOTISM.**—He once said, in a miscellaneous company, "England has produced three great classical scholars; the first was Bentley, the second was Porson, and the third modesty forbids me to mention."

**A KEEN RETORT.**—A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbor in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round, sharply accosted the satirist in the same language: "When a woman," said she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

**SHERIDAN AND HIS SON TOM.**—"Sheridan, it is well known, was never free from pecuniary embarrassments. As he was one day hacking his face with a dull razor, he turned to his eldest son and said, 'Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor, I'll cut you off with a shilling.' 'Very well, father,' retorted Tom, 'but where will the shilling come from?'"

**HOW WOMEN'S QUARRELS ARE MADE UP.**—Dr. Johnson, sitting one evening at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the former, by way of heightening the good humor of the company, agreed to toast ugly women, and to have them matched with ugly men. In this round, one of the ladies gave Mrs. Williams—the well-known inmate of Dr. Johnson, who was very plain in her person and nearly blind—when another instantly paired her with Dr. Goldsmith. This whimsical union set the company laughing, and in particular so pleased the lady who gave the first toast, that though she had some pique with the lady who gave Dr. Goldsmith, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing for the *apropos* of the toast. Johnson, who did not half like to have two of his most intimate friends turned into ridicule, growled out, "Ay, this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, who truly remarks that the quarrels of women are always made up like the quarrels of ancient kings; there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion."

**DOUGLASS JERROLD'S DEFINITION OF A CONSERVATIVE.**—"A conservative is a man who will not look at the new moon, out of respect to that ancient institution, the old one."

**THE BUTTER OF THE POETS.**—A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de butter of de poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

**ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS.**—A Quaker was looking at the great painted window in Exeter Cathedral, and his companion observed that St. Peter looked very fierce there. "How can he help it, friend," replied the Quaker, "when he observes what scandalous work is carried on in the ecclesiastical court opposite."

**FORCE OF MORAL SENTIMENT.**—Whenever the offense inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigor of penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind.—*Gibbon*.

**EVIL OF MUCH LEARNING.**—The first generation of Methodist preachers were distinguished for many strongly marked mental characteristics, among which a vein of humor and quiet satire was not the least prominent. Of this pioneer band, who half a century since carried the

Gospel to the inhabitants of the river counties of New York, was Billy Hibbard, a chief among his peers. His Christian name was highly characteristic of the man; it was no familiar diminutive for William, but "Billy," and nothing else; so his jokes were all sober realities, though they bore the dress and aspects of the veriest witticisms. In common with many of his fraternity, he had a mortal horror of college-made ministers; and in opposing the notion that a college education was a sufficient qualification for the office of the ministry, he had gone over to the opposite extreme, and held it to be a positive disqualification. This subject made up a portion of the discourse to which I once listened; and though at that time his dread of Greek had become a little unfashionable, he was still unchanged in his opinions and sentiments. A pertinent illustration of the evil of a *college-larnt* ministry was given in the form of an anecdote. Two elderly ladies of his acquaintance had listened to a sermon from one of these disqualified preachers, which they agreed in commending, but confessed that one part of the discourse they did not fully understand. The preacher, said they, seemed to be telling of two of his friends—probably a man and his wife, whom he called Phil Anthropy and Miss Anthropy. Phil, from his remarks, seemed to be a very excellent fellow, but Miss Anthropy he evidently did not like so well—indeed, he did not say one good word for her.—*Dr. Curry.*

**WRITTEN LANGUAGE.**—A popular American author has somewhere characterized language as "fossil poetry:"

"Those wondrous symbols, that can still retain  
The phantom forms that pass along the brain,  
O'er unsubstantial thought hold strong control,  
And fix the essence of the immortal soul!"

**SPRAGUE'S POEM.**—"CURIOSITY."—Mr. Griswold records a singular incident connected with this celebrated poem. A British officer found it straying about, orphan-like, in Calcutta, and in the absence of any one to father it, adopted it as his own child, and gave it the first place among the progeny of his brain. After circulating widely in the East Indies, as an English production, it was reprinted in London, and received the critical honors of the British press.

**MENTAL STRENGTH.**—Men little comprehend the struggles through which intellectual strength is born:

"Strength is born  
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,  
Not amidst joy."

**EMPHATIC ETYMOLOGY.**—Johnson once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish market, and put a Billingsgate woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactories could endure their flavor. The Billingsgate lady made a verbal attack common in vulgar parlance, which impugned the classification in natural history of the doctor's mother. The doctor answered, "You are an article, madam." "No more an article than yourself, you b—y misgoten villain." "You are a noun, woman." "You—yon," stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand. "You are a pronoun." The beldam shook her fist in speechless rage. "You are a verb—an adverb—an adjective—a conjunction—a preposition—an interjection!" suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she dumped herself down in the mud, crying with rage at

being thus "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms, which, not understanding, she could not answer.

**SELF-FORMATION.**—Here is a volume of instruction compressed into a single line:

"Each man makes his own statue—builds himself."—*Young.*

**CLOUGH'S NEW ENGLAND ALMANAC FOR 1702.**—This specimen of antiquity is still extant. Mr. Clough was extremely weather-wise, and could predict its future state with most surprising accuracy. He tells his readers that *perhaps*, from the 15th to the 23d of January, it will be *very cold* weather, *if* it "frese by the fire-side or on the sunny side of the fence at noon." So in April—"Perhaps wet weather, *if* it rains; now fair weather, *if* the sun shines, and windy or calm." So in July—"If now the weather do prove fair, people to Cambridge do repair."

**REFINEMENT OF MANNERS.**—Coolness, and absence of heat and haste, indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—*R. W. Emerson.*

**SMALL LIVINGS.**—Sydney Smith, in remarking upon the folly of a scheme for creating livings of £150 a year, with the expectation of their being filled with good and well-educated preachers, draws with his ready wit the following pictures of a member of the "collection of consecrated beggars." "Then a picture is drawn of a clergyman with £130 per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages, a learned man, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish, of charming manners and dignified deportment, six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the ten commandments—and it is asked, with an air of triumph, if such a man as this will fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured, neither learned nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to Church, with a second-rate wife—dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter; or let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and-Japhet buggies—made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters—driving in the High-street of Edmonton; among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of the ministers of religion have no bearing on religion itself?"

**IMPROVEMENT OF MIND.**—What stubbing, plowing, digging, and harrowing, is to land, that thinking, reflecting, examining, is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time, will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions, and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it, by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—*Berkeley.*

**INCITEMENTS OF HIGH EXAMPLE.**—How should a mind, capable of any intellectual or moral ambition, feel at the thought of transcendent examples of talent and achievement? Suggested on awakening at a late hour, and instantly recollecting—"Now Bonaparte has probably been four hours employed this morning in thinking of the arrangements of the greatest empire on earth, and I—,"

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS IN COURSE OF PREPARATION.**—Swornstedt & Poe have in course of publication two volumes. The first is a series of "*Letters to School Girls*," from the pen of an experienced and successful teacher—Professor J. M'D. Mathews. The second is the "*Life and Times of Rev. Allen Wiley*," by Rev. F. C. Holliday, of the South-Eastern Indiana conference. The life of Allen Wiley is identified with the rise and progress of Methodism in Indiana, and throughout that state this should be a Methodist household book.

**REV. E. O. HAVEN.**—We observe that this gentleman has recently been elected Professor of History and Logic in the Michigan State University, and that he has accepted the office. From long personal acquaintance, we can speak of him as a gentleman of pleasing address, an accomplished scholar, and a fine speaker. We regard the selection as a good one, and wish our brother the most unbounded success in his new sphere of labor and usefulness.

**MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY.**—A movement is now on foot to erect an observatory on the University grounds. The sum required is five thousand dollars. The appeal to the citizens of the state is received with great favor, and the sum will probably be soon realized.

**PROFESSOR BENJAMIN PIERCE**, of Harvard University, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The only Americans who have before received this honor, were Dr. Franklin and Dr. Bowditch.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. J. B. FINLEY** is in course of preparation. It is edited by Dr. Strickland; and will be a work full of stirring incident and thrilling narrative. Nearly fourteen thousand copies of the "*Prison Life*" have been sold since its issue. In this work, the "*Old Chief*" himself will appear. We have "*cabbaged*" a few leaves from the manuscript for this number of the Repository.

**SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.**—Lieut. M. F. Maury, of the National Observatory, at Washington, in a lecture on the sea and the circulation of its waters, delivered in "*the People's Course*," New York city, paid the following eloquent tribute to the Bible: "I have always found, in my scientific studies, that when I could get the Bible to say any thing upon the subject, it always afforded me a firm platform to stand upon, and another round in the ladder by which I could safely ascend."

**"OUR MOTHER TONGUE."**—Mr. Frey, in his lecture on "*The Relation of Music and Words, and the Proper Adaptation of each to the other*," thus speaks of "*the mother tongue*:" "Our own language is the most truly acceptable; and though we were gifted with as many tongues as the apostles, that in which we first lisped—which breathed our first lullaby—which opened to our early curiosity the treasures of varied knowledge—which was the speech of our boyish friendships—which told or answered the story of our love—which has always whispered from our mind to our heart, and back from our heart to our mind, the secret communions of reason and passion—which rises as unconsciously to the lips as the air that we exhale—which we hear even in our dreams—which stirs up our soul to godlike aspirations, or leads it to walk calmly through the shadow of death—that language can not be to us dis-

cordant. There is music in its every word—the music of association, of meaning, of harmony, with the peculiar things of our whole life."

**UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.**—Since the resignation of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, this University, owing to the embarrassed state of its finances, has been without a chancellor. In fact, the college has been "*farmed out*" to the professors, who have sustained it at their own pecuniary risk for several years. We are pleased to see that the Rev. Dr. Ferris has been elected President, and also that he has accepted the office and entered upon its duties. The University building is a splendid edifice, erected at a cost of some two hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

**ANTIQUARIAN CURIOSITIES.**—Dr. Abbott, who has been in Egypt for some time, has brought home with him a rich collection of antiquarian curiosities from that country. They are exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute, New York.

**ORIGINAL PAINTINGS OF HOGARTH.**—The Earl of Charlemont—Dublin—has possession of some original copies of Hogarth's celebrated paintings. Among them is the "*Last Stake*," and the only existing picture of the series called the "*Harlot's Progress*."

**TYPES OF MANKIND.**—It is said that Professor Nott and George R. Gliddon, the archaeologist, are engaged upon an ethnographical work to be called "*Types of Mankind*," or ethnological researches, based upon ancient monuments, paintings, sculptures, and crania of races; and upon their actual, geographical, philological, and Biblical history. Such a work, well executed, will contribute much to our knowledge of man.

**WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.**—This work is spreading wherever the English language is spoken. The publishers have filled orders for it from Hong Kong, in China, and also from Northern India. No scholar or professional man; indeed, no man who aspires to a correct use of the English language, should be without it.

**FINALE OF THE ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE.**—We rejoice that this "*upper ten*" place of amusement—where even some Methodists, with more money than either brains or religion, have been allured—has passed into the hands of the Mercantile Library Association, and is henceforth to be devoted to better uses. A more eligible site, or a more noble building, that Association could not have found. This is the last of the three theaters established or owned by John Jacob Astor. It was bought for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

**NIAGARA IN THE HARNESS.**—Our exchanges say that the Falls of Niagara are about being made to earn a living. They are soon to commence operations in the satinet business, under the tutelage of the universal Yankee nation. Think of that! Niagara, the wonder of the world, producing fifty cent satinet!

**PREACHING TO THE DEAF MUTES.**—A new era has been opened in the religious and intellectual history of this unfortunate class. The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet has established preaching to them in the sign language, in the chapel of the New York City University. In that city there are a large number of educated mutes, and Mr. Gallaudet intends to erect a church and gather them into a congregation.



**LITERARY MEN IN FRANCE.**—The London Literary Gazette says that the distress to which literary men are reduced under the new order of things in France is wretched in the extreme, and hundreds of them are in the fangs of starvation; each day's existence which they pass is a miracle accomplished. Some of them are living on charity; some have procured employment as clerks; and some are toiling in still lower capacities.

**GEORGE GILFILLAN.**—Under the caption of "A 'Splendid' Writer," the New Monthly Magazine contains a caustic review of the literary performances of Gilfillan. It designates the Bards of the Bible, "a tessellated mass of almost beauties and downright absurdities." His own language applied to an oratorical divine, the reviewer considers highly descriptive of his own diction—"Strange, amorphous, Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original; rank, with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, inclosing, amidst vast tracts of jungle, little bits of clearest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic bursts of real fire amid jets of mere smoke and hot water."

**COMMON SCHOOLS.**—In the state of New York there have been eight hundred and thirty-two thousand, four hundred and eighty-one children attending the public schools during the past year; in Pennsylvania four hundred and eighty thousand, seven hundred and seventy-eight.

**ERICSSON'S CALORIC SHIP.**—The success of the invention of Captain Ericsson is now generally conceded. The availability of hot air as a motor is now a fixed fact, and steamboats may henceforth be propelled by it, operating through a machinery exceedingly simple, and as safe as it is simple. This must be ranked among the grand inventions of the age. The New York Tribune says, "The age of steam is closed; the age of caloric opens. Fulton and Watt belong to the past; Ericsson is the great mechanical genius of the present and future."

**NEW INVENTIONS.**—The age of invention is just dawning upon the world; our country, too, seems to be the grand theater of its action. Among other inventions just announced, we observe that of stereotype plates cast in gutta percha; also that of anastatic printing, by which true copies of books and pictures may be taken; also the crystalotype, by which portraits of individuals, views of buildings, landscapes, etc., may be taken on glass and paper with unerring exactness—preserving the minutest feature of the original; also a new pavement of glass and iron, designed to illuminate underground apartments—an invention which will, no doubt, be highly prized in the city of New York, where they build seven stories up and two down; also "marbleized iron," which exhibits all the beauty and variety of the choicest kinds of marble, and is superior to it in durability, and also capable of resisting a greater degree of heat, and is unaffected by oils and acids; and, finally, "iron lace," said to be a most beautiful article, and of the most delicate texture.

**THACKERAY IN BOSTON.**—The Bostonians seem not to have so high an appreciation of Thackeray's lectures as the New Yorkers. They say he does not come quite up to some of their own lecturers, such as Hillard, Emerson, Holmes, Wendell Phillips, E. P. Whipple, and Rufus Choate. Still more do they complain of the exorbitant prices paid him. He received four thousand five hundred dollars for the course of six lectures.

**THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF T. F. MEAGHER.**—The Christian Herald thus describes this celebrated Irish pat-

riot and orator: "Mr. Meagher is in appearance a genuine Irishman, but a noble specimen of the Celtic race. He is of medium height, and rather thick set—as we say—with a round, florid face, and straight, black hair. His brogue is rich, and sometimes rough. His manner dignified, self-possessed, and graceful. His style clear and terse throughout, but often so poetical and picture-like, that you seemed to see rather than hear of what he described. He is evidently a man of taste, education, and true Irish genius. He is not dependent on circumstances for his greatness, but on the splendor of his intellect and the grandeur of his spirit. You could not fail to see that a big heart beat within that burly Celtic frame."

Mrs. Stowe is now engaged in the production of another "fiction founded upon fact," called Mark Sutherland; or, Power and Principle, designed to illustrate the genius of American institutions. The triumphal progress of "Uncle Tom," throughout the civilized world, is astonishing. Mrs. Stowe, by the production of another book, may tarnish, but will not be likely to add to her fame.

**THE LEGION OF APOLLO.**—The subject of creating an order of poets wearing the title, "Legion of Apollo," was brought before the President at Toulouse in a poetic address read by a patois poet. The President graciously promised to "take the subject into consideration."

**A NEW INTERPRETATION OF EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.**—Father Secchi pronounces these hieroglyphics, which have so long puzzled the learned world, not merely tombstone inscriptions, but poems.

**AMOS LAWRENCE.**—This generous and noble-hearted "merchant prince," of Boston, died suddenly and almost coetaneously with the expiring year 1852. Among his other noble charities, and one which will perpetuate his name, we trust, forever, was the donation of some twenty thousand dollars to the Lawrence University, an institution which is just now shaping into college form, under the patronage of the Wisconsin conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

**REV. DR. WINANS.**—This distinguished preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is now devoting himself to the preparation of some of his sermons for publication, in accordance with the request of the Mississippi conference. The Doctor's health is seriously impaired; his work is nearly done. It is sad to see the strong men bowing themselves, especially those whose names have been to us like household words from childhood. But we all are passing away.

**THE SOUTHERN METHODIST PULPIT** closed its fifth volume, and also its existence, with the December number. Professor Deems in his valedictory says: "As we give the last sheet of copy to the printer we feel like a man who looks for the last time on a pet whom he has fondled, a child that has cost him anxiety, with whom he shall talk no more; and as we file away the papers and clean out the portfolios of our office, we shall feel in some measure as a parent feels when he puts away the little dresses and playthings of his cherished departed one."

**CONDITION OF EUROPE.**—The correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "To recount the doings of the oppressor and oppressed is pretty much all that is left to the writer in Europe: of democracy ostracized, of Romish denunciation of thought and the liberty of the press, of dramatic parade without the beauty of lyrical poetry, music and idealization of abused rhetoric to hide villainy, of sneaks, spies, passports, conscription—sing heavenly muse!"

**METHODIST PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN CALIFORNIA.**—The California Christian Advocate was adopted by the last General conference; but for some cause, not being supplied with a proper financial basis, it had become embarrassed and crippled. With praiseworthy energy, the Methodists in that new state have resolved to raise \$10,000, to put the paper upon an independent basis.

**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.**—The London Athenæum, noticing the English edition of the poetical works of O. W. Holmes, says: "It is to the credit of the Americans that they seem anxious to possess a choir of poets; and many indications have lately apprised us that Dr. Holmes is valued and put forward as one of their favorite writers of verse on pleas different from those that have won popularity for Longfellow, and Bryant, and Whittier—for the Anacreontic or Biblical sketches by Mr. N. P. Willis—and for the distorted yet powerful ballads of Edgar Poe. There are strains of didactic thought, humorous fancy, pathetic feeling—there is an Augustan sonority and neatness of versification—in the poems of Dr. Holmes, which by turns remind us of the Prize Poets of our Colleges—of Crabbe, who minutely wrought out the homeliest themes in heroic meter—of William Spencer's drawing-room lyrics, light as gossamer and sentimental as music on a lake—and of 'Whistlecraft.' Yet there is nothing like gross or direct imitation in this worthy little volume. It must be described as containing the poetry of a university man—a man of the world, too, loving social pleasures, skirmishes of wit, and exercises of intellect—any thing but a hermit, or dreamer, or martyr-student, or other such visionary passionately sick of society, and no less passionately in love with waterfalls, mountains, the moon, the sea, and some one nameless lady."

**THE WIDOW OF WILBUR FISK.**—Few men have done more in this country to exalt the character of Methodism than Dr. Fisk. A purer spirit, a more devoted minister, a more unselfish man never lived. We regret to learn, through a published circular, that his widow is living in poverty. It is proposed to raise \$2,000 for her benefit. Will not the thousands who have been blessed by the ministry and the instructions of her husband help?

**STATISTICS OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.**—From the Baptist Register—which, by the way, is an 8vo. volume of 496 pages—we get the following "grand summary of baptized professing Christians in the world;" namely,

|                    | Churches.   | Ministers.  | Members.  |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|-----------|
| North America..... | 16,709..... | 13,144..... | 1,237,621 |
| Europe.....        | 2,053.....  | 1,700.....  | 196,824   |
| Asia.....          | 170.....    | 310.....    | 12,297    |
| Africa.....        | 26.....     | 22.....     | 1,242     |
| Total.....         | 18,958..... | 15,176..... | 1,447,984 |

This embraces all the various classes of Baptists in the world.

**PROFESSOR UPHAM.**—This distinguished scholar and author is now on a tour through Palestine and Asia Minor. He is accompanied by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle.

**REV. DR. ROBINSON,** in his recent visit to the Holy Land, succeeded in finding the long-lost Dothan where Joseph was sold by his brethren. He likewise visited Zorah, the birthplace of Sampson. Forging the river Jordan near Succoth, he discovered and identified the site of the long-lost Pella. The contributions of Dr. Robinson to Biblical antiquities are of incalculable value to the Christian world.

## New Books.

**METHODIST CHURCH PROPERTY CASE,** containing the Arguments of Messrs. A. N. Riddle, Judge Lane, and Thomas Ewing, and also the Decision of Judge Leavitt, was mislaid last month. It is altogether too important a document to pass unnoticed. A joint publication had been agreed upon by the Book Agents at Cincinnati with the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; but Messrs. Stanberry and Brian, counselors for the Southern Church, failed to furnish their arguments for publication. We have here, then, the arguments on one side of the question, together with the decision of the Judge. As a Church document, it is of incalculable value; and it will serve through all coming time—whatever may be the final issue of the suit, which has now gone up to the Supreme Court of the United States—as a triumphant vindication of the action of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The case is admirably presented by Mr. Riddle. The speech of Judge Lane is a noble specimen of clear, strong, compact argument. But the master-speech is that of the Hon. T. Ewing. This is a great, an eloquent speech, in every sense of the word; there is clearness and precision of statement, an invincible cogency of argument, and an eloquence of diction that must place the speech among the first specimens of forensic effort. The decision of Judge Leavitt exhibits a clear perception on the part of the Judge of the legal

points involved. As a judicial document, it contrasts favorably with that of Judge Nelson in the New York case. There is no interlarding of special pleading here. Some have deprecated these suits on account of the delay, expense, and unfavorable aspects before the world. But we have no such regrets. They have afforded an opportunity for the vindication of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it might not otherwise have had. We know from personal intercourse with sober, thinking men among us, whose feelings and sympathies were somewhat with the South, that the developments of the case in our courts of law have fully satisfied them of the justice of the action taken by the Methodist Episcopal Church, from the period of the secession of the southern conferences in 1844. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Poe. 8vo., pp. 135.

**THE JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,** held in Boston, 1852, has been issued in a neat 8vo. pamphlet of 206 pages, by Carlton & Phillips, New York. It contains a list of the members, the organization of the conference, and its daily transactions—not including the debates—to its close. There is also an Appendix, containing the Reports of the Committees, a Pastoral Address, an Address to the British conference, the Bishops' Address to the General conference, and several other documents. There is also a copious index.

**SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE**, by C. A. Goodrich, D. D., is the general title of a large octavo of 948 pages, recently issued by Harper & Brothers, New York. It ranges through a period of over two hundred years—from Sir John Eliot down to Lord Brougham—and contains not merely extracts, but *whole speeches* from nineteen of England's most eloquent orators, besides some of the letters of Junius. The speeches are accompanied by brief biographical sketches of the men, an estimate of their genius, and also notes, critical and explanatory. The selections have been made with great skill. Not one appears in the volume that has not, by the suffrage of the learned world, already been placed among the masterpieces of intellect and eloquence. It would have been easy to compile a book of almost any dimensions from the productions of English orators; but to select from so many, to make that selection judicious—in fact, the very best—was a work of great care and labor. This, from a careful examination, we are satisfied Professor Goodrich has accomplished. Thirty years of study and experience as Professor of Rhetoric in Yale College afforded an excellent preparation for engaging in such an enterprise. Brief selections are convenient for exercises in declamation, but should never be studied as models of style apart from their connection with the entire speech. Many a student has vitiated both style and taste by taking these brief periods as models. We are glad to see in this volume *entire speeches*. This, together with the sketches and annotations of the author, stamp the work as one of sterling value. It should be in the hands of all who can appreciate and be improved by eloquence of thought and beauty of diction. Harper's publications are all on sale at Derby & Co.'s, Cincinnati.

AMONG the books designed especially to benefit young men, to warn them against the peculiar dangers of the age, and to incite them to lofty aims and noble pursuits, is "THE THREE GREAT TEMPTATIONS OF YOUNG MEN," by S. W. Fisher. The leading themes discussed are the Wine-Cup, the Card-Table, the Slayer of the Strong, the Play-House, the Web of Vice, and the Path of Infidelity; and also the supplementary themes—the Christian Lawyer, the Mosaic Law of Usury, and Commercial Morality. The author has grappled each of these subjects with a bold and determined spirit, and discussed them in a clear and forcible manner. Here are "words that breathe and thoughts that burn;" and no young man who is not already thoroughly subjected to the slavery of vice can read them without having his moral energies quickened into strong and decisive action. We commend the clear and strong tones in which the author gives utterance to his thoughts; and are glad that he has given them in "the free, bold style of the pulpit," instead of elaborating them into tameness. Moore & Anderson: Cincinnati. 12mo., pp. 336.

THE past, the present, and the future of the great Valley of the Mississippi are full of interest, not only to the American, but to the whole civilized world. Its early history is studied with scenes of thrilling interest; its present development is on a gigantic scale; its future—who can comprehend? **THE HISTORY OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI**, a 12mo. volume, of 286 pages, recently published by Moore, Anderson & Co., of this city, is a welcome contribution to the history of the past of this interesting portion of our country. The industry and care with which the materials for this work have been gathered by the author, and the skill with which they

have been blended, stamp the work as one of no ordinary value. Prominent among the scenes brought to our view is the heroic daring of the French missionaries, who penetrated this region from Quebec, by the way of the Lakes. So far as the moral heroism of their undertaking is concerned, we grant all that is claimed for them. Nobler instances the world has rarely witnessed. But that these Jesuits contributed in any large degree either to the civilization or Christianization of these savage tribes, we more than doubt. The mechanical execution of both of these books is of the very highest order, and would reflect credit upon any house in the country.

AMONG the books that have arrested the attention of the thoughtful on both sides of the Atlantic, and led them to study with deeper interest the great elements of the Gospel scheme, is "THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION." It is a development and defense, upon a philosophical basis, of the great scheme of redemption. Few of the themes are new, or may not, in some form, be found in the able vindications of the Christian scheme heretofore given to the world; but their new collocation and the originality and power with which they are here discussed, invest them with new interest. The book is instinct with stirring and original thought, and the successive links of the argument are blended together with the precision and force of a mathematical demonstration. It is a book for thinkers. The London Methodist Magazine says, that the work "may often be read, and will as often leave the intellect of the reader abundantly enriched and vastly improved." This is one of the works which have of late given so loud a response to the splenetic inquiry, "Who reads an American book?" Moore & Anderson: Cincinnati. 12mo., pp. 239.

**SUNDRY PAMPHLETS.**—Among the miscellaneous pamphlets received by us are the following: 1. *The Education of Woman*, by the late Mrs. E. S. Seager. It is an eloquent plea for the education of woman by one of the most noble and gifted of her sex. On sale at the Book Concern: ten cents per copy. 2. *The Model Christian Young Man*—an eloquent tribute to the memory of Judson Dwight Collins, delivered before the Union Missionary Society of Inquiry of the University of Michigan, by Clark T. Hinman, D. D. 3. *A Discourse on Education*, giving a concise and just view of what true education is, and also of its advantages, with an address to the young ladies of the graduating class of White Water College, by Cyrus Nutt, A. M., President of the institution. 4. *The Balm of Gilead; a Missionary Sermon*, delivered before the Oneida Conference Missionary Society, by Lyman A. Eddy. This discourse shows first that ample remedial provision has been made for the recovery of man, and then inquires why it is of so little practical effect. 5. *A Discourse on Christ's Mediation*, delivered before the members of the Methodist General Biblical Institute, by John Dempster, D. D. 6. *A Preliminary Treatise on the Law of Repulsion, as a Universal Law of Nature*: in which the Mosaic history of creation is vindicated and sustained, and various natural phenomena—heretofore mysterious—clearly explained. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 7. *Minutes of the Southern Illinois Conference*, first held session, at Belleville, October, 1852. 8. *Proceedings of the General Convention of Congregational Ministers and Delegates in the United States*, held in Albany, October, 1853. 9. *Annual Report of the Indiana Asylum for Educating the Deaf and the Dumb*.

**LIGHT IN A DARK ALLEY**, is a little 18mo. volume of 178 pages, recently published by M. W. Dodd, New York. It is written in a chaste and forcible style, and breathes a pure and elevated spirit. Not only will it attract attention, but what is more and better, it will do good. The dwellers in a "dark alley," where the light of the sun is excluded, are taken as the type of the soul depraved and darkened by sin. Taking one of the dwellers of this dark alley, the author leads him along, first, to the discovery of his depraved and wretched condition; then to a comprehension of the great principles of "recovering grace." Nor does he stop in his progress up out of the "dark alley," till he is found "in the enjoyment of a sweet peace, and trusting with implicit faith in the Savior." *For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.*

**LANMAN'S PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER**, a 12mo. of 205 pages, has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The death of the great American statesman has called forth a perfect avalanche of sepulchral literature, from the stilted eulogium to the ponderous volume, most of which will erelong be quietly nestled to slumber beneath the dusky wing of oblivion. The book before us, though full of interest, portraying the every day life of Daniel Webster, and giving interesting views of his private and social habits, is of this class. It will answer its purpose—be read with avidity by the present generation. But the biography that is to transmit to coming ages the name and character of Daniel Webster is yet to be written. *For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Main-street, Cincinnati.*

## Periodicals.

**THE FAMILY OF ADVOCATES.**—At the head of this family stands the "Christian Advocate and Journal." Dr. Bond, its editor, is one of the keenest and most piquant controversial writers of the age. Old age, which has whitened his locks and bowed his frame, has not in the least abated the vigor and sprightliness of his pen. Shining in a new dress, and teeming with entertaining and instructive matter, "the mother of Advocates" yet appears so fresh and beautiful that no one would suspect that her offspring—north and south, some of them very undutiful children—were numbered by the score. "The Western" also appears in a new and beautiful garb. No better evidence of the popular favor it receives is needed than the fact, that while it has been compelled to give up a large portion of its territory to two new and sturdy rivals, it has suffered not the least diminution in its subscription list. "The Pittsburg," under its new editor, ranks among the very best religious newspapers in the land. The quarto form has been relinquished, and its proportions expanded till it has become, we believe, the largest of the family. "The Northern" still holds on its course of unabated prosperity. The "patronizing conferences" give it a hearty and very liberal support, and this is a true indication of the favor in which it is held. It has also trimmed itself in a new dress. Brother Hosmer wields a bold and vigorous pen. "The Zion's Herald" is fairly entitled to all the advantages of the family relation. Its new editor gets up a capital paper. The first two of the v's—vigor, vivacity, vanity—said to be essential in an editor, he evidently does not lack. The interest of the Herald, and its adaptation to the great ends of a family religious newspaper, are admirably sustained by him. "The North-Western" is a new birth, by which the family has been increased. It is, however, a vigorous birth. The "new-comer" has sprung upon the course fully nerved for the race. Brother Watson holds a facile and vigorous pen; and the paper is equally marked for the interest of its matter and the neatness of its execution. "The Central" we have heard of by the hearing of the ear, but have not seen it by the seeing of the eye. The "California" is always welcome to our sanctum. In spite of all disadvantages, brother Simonds sends forth a capital sheet, well filled with appropriate and useful matter. This paper is no doubt essential to the cause of Methodism in its new fields on the Pacific coast. It will

be sustained. The Philadelphia, and also the Buffalo Christian Advocate hold a near relationship to "the family." Both of them are not only important auxiliaries to the Church in their respective localities, but valuable and useful family papers. To this list we might append others, but our space forbids.

**THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW** comes to us teeming with instructive and useful matter. Without indorsing all its articles—some of them, especially those on A. Compe's Positive Theology, were not very much to our fancy—we can say freely that the Review is an honor to the literature of the Church. We regret that it is not more liberally patronized. Can it be possible that, having one of the best conducted reviews in the land, it will be permitted to languish from lack of "material aid?"

**THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE** has entered upon its second volume. The January and also the February number have been received. They fully sustain the high character of the former numbers. By the almost unanimous suffrage of the press, the National is ranked among the best magazines published. In entertaining, instructive matter, and in literary taste, it is inferior to none. And when we add the conservative religious element, as a popular family magazine, we must unhesitatingly give it our suffrage. The first volume, including the first six months, has been bound in superb style, and is for sale at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** has reached its sixth volume—the first three numbers of which have been received. It is instinct with all the life and energy of the gigantic publishing house from which it is issued, and bids fair to rival even Uncle Tom in the immensity of its circulation—one hundred and twenty thousand of the February number being issued.

**PUTNAM'S MONTHLY**, which we are pleased to put upon our exchange list, has commenced life under the most favorable circumstances—the first edition of twenty thousand having met with a ready and rapid sale. It is made up entirely of original matter from American writers of the first class. Probably more than three-quarters of our magazine literature is of foreign origin. This effort of the enterprising publisher to break the shackles of our literary servitude in this respect, can not fail to commend itself to the American people; while the substantial



merits of the magazine itself will not fail to command the respect of the literary world abroad as well as at home.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.**—No. 454 has reached us, containing a choice selection of the current literature of the day. If a person wishes to revel in the choice luxuries of the English magazines, let him take the Living Age. It is published weekly, at twelve and a half cents a number. R. Post is the agent for Cincinnati.

**THE MUSICAL WORLD** is issued weekly at New York, containing a great deal of musical reading, and also choice gems of music. The following extract from a recent editorial will show that the Musical World is not without a musical editor: "We would like to ask our friends to give us a 'first-rate notice' all around, but we dare not. We observe that their anger has been kindled by the impudence of many of our weekly and city cotemporaries, who have DEMANDED 'notices' of our country friends, and threatened, in case of refusal, to 'cut them off the exchange list.' Such 'DEMANDS' and 'THREATS' are ungenerous, and ought to be resented. Our 'exchange list' is very large, and costs us *over eight hundred dollars a year*; and if our 'exchanges' want to 'row us up,' or 'pitch into us,' or give us some 'tip-top notices,' they are perfectly welcome to do so."

**FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE** has passed into the hands of Rev. Henry V. Degen, and is published at No. 7 Cornhill, Boston: \$1 in advance. It is an entertaining and useful miscellany for boys and girls.

**THE MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR 1852**, have at length come to hand. They make a neat 8vo. pamphlet of one hundred and fifty-two pages. From it we learn that the total membership of the Church is 728,700, being an increase of only 6,896 for the year. The total number of traveling preachers, this year, is 4,513; last year, 4,450: increase, 63. Local preachers, this year, 5,767; last year, 5,700: increase, 67. We deplore the smallness of our gains. It should lead us to deep humiliation and earnest self-examination. Is the Methodist Episcopal Church losing its aggressive spirit and power upon the world? We are satisfied that the annual statistics of membership does not accurately exhibit the aggregate increase of influence and resources in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Though this fact may somewhat mitigate our denominational mortification at the small increase of our mem-

bership, we hardly know whether it does not really augment the alarming aspect of our statistics. Shall it be said that we are increasing in wealth, intelligence, and influence, but, at the same time, becoming less efficient in getting men converted to God, and bringing them into the fold of Christ? Among the noble dead of the past year are the venerable Bishop Hedding, a patriarch in the Church; the eloquent and devoted Roszel, who ceased at once to work and to live while the dew of life's morning yet lingered upon him; Olin, whose gigantic intellect and commanding eloquence were equaled only by the purity of his spirit and the benevolence of his heart; Raper, heroic alike in the service of his country and his God; and also Judson Dwight Collins, a martyr to the cause of missions. These, and many others well worthy of note, whose labors were not less arduous, and who may have been even more successful in winning souls to Christ, have finished their course, and entered into their reward.

**THE WESTERN PILOT**, which has taken the place of the "Spirit of the Lakes," is published at Cincinnati and Cleveland, by the Western Seamen's Friend Society, and edited by Rev. A. M. Lorrain. As an organ of the Society, and as a magazine adapted to be useful to the sailors and boatmen upon our rivers and lakes, it has a great and good work to perform, and we bespeak for it, under its new editor, an abundant patronage.

We must not omit a kindly notice of "THE KNICKERBOCKER," which, by the genial sunshine of its wit, makes itself welcome every-where. Published by S. Heuston, New York, at three dollars per year.

We have received from Scott & Co. **BLACKWOOD for January, 1853**. It contains an elaborate and powerful article on Slavery and the Slave Power in the United States; My Novel, or Varieties of English Life; Letter to Eusebius, about many Things; Lady Lee's Widowhood, Part I; Thomas Moore; and Defeat of the English Ministry. For sale by R. Post, Cincinnati.

**THE MUSICAL REVIEW AND CHORAL ADVOCATE** is a quarto sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly by Huntington, Mason & Low, 23 Park Row, New York, at one dollar per annum. It is edited by C. M. Cady, assisted by Lowell Mason, Bradbury, Hastings, and other musical celebrities. This array of talent is an ample guarantee for the intrinsic excellence of the work. It is printed in beautiful style.

## Editor's Table.

**DELAY OF OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.**—"Time and chance happen to all," saith the ancient proverb. In that "all" the Ladies' Repository is included, and is, therefore, subject to its accidents. Our February number, much to our regret, was unavoidably delayed. The publishers had a special contract with Messrs. Speer & Stephens for the superior paper used for the Repository; but during the freshets of the past winter their manufactory was so injured as to occasion a suspension of their business for some two or three months. Without one moment's delay, and without the least hesitation about extra expense, the publishers telegraphed eastern manufacturers and houses for a supply, determined, if possible, to bring out the number in season and in perfect order. But their efforts failed. The paper was not in the market; it must be manufactured before a supply could be obtained. The publishers might still have sent out the

Repository in season, and saved considerable expense, by printing it on ordinary paper; but they judged, and we have no doubt wisely, that the subscribers would be better satisfied with a few weeks' delay, than with having it in season, but printed on an inferior quality of paper. This delay may make some few of our editorial items seem rather out of time; but we trust our readers, while reading, will become interested enough to forget any seeming anachronism.

**EDITORIAL GREETINGS.**—The very flattering manner in which the press, in almost every section of the country, has noticed our entrance upon our editorial career, has been peculiarly gratifying to us, and calls for grateful acknowledgment. Even the brother who wounds our vanity by the joke, that we were "born out of due time," comforts us with the confident prediction that we shall be "chiefest of the Apostles Editorial." Now, if any of

our friends discover a little self-complacency sticking out through this passage, we may as well "acknowledge the corn," and let it pass, only adding, that, however close we may wrap our robe of self-complacency around us, it will no doubt be pierced sufficiently by the porcupine quills darted at us, to keep it humble.

**EDITORIAL LIFE.**—Our brief experience of editorial life convinces us that it is not that dreamy state of intellectual being and felicity that many imagine. The life of an editor is not one of ease; nor, indeed, one of the most pleasurable intellectual exertion. His labor is like that of Sisyphus—never-ending. Nor are we sure that the analogy ends here. For no sooner is the huge editorial stone rolled to the summit of the hill, than the editor finds himself at its base again, with the same work to do over. Another aspect of editorial life was thus daggerreotyped by Dr. Johnson: "I know no class of the community from whom so much disinterested benevolence and thankless labor are expected as from editors. They are expected to feel for every one but themselves; to correct public abuses, and private ones also, without giving offense; to sustain difficulties of others without regard to their own; to condemn improper measures of every one, and not do one at the same time. They are expected to note every thing that is important or extraordinary in men's opinions; their notice must be calculated to please every one, and at the same time to offend none."

**THE PRESENT NUMBER.**—The articles in the present number speak for themselves. They present a pleasing variety. Such, at least, is our opinion, and we have no doubt but our readers will coincide with us. As to our engravings, they are capital. In the first our readers will recognize an English rural scene, and one, too, which, for calm, placid, quiet rural beauty, is rarely equalled. It is from an English plate skillfully executed, and upon which the artist bestowed a vast amount of labor. Thanks to our active agent in New York for securing so rich a gem for us. "Sleeping Innocence," as a specimen of art, is among the best its author has executed. As a picture, it appeals directly to the heart. If any one can be found who feels, while surveying it, no kindling emotion from present sympathy with innocent childhood, still it can not fail to carry him back to the scenes of his own early and happy childhood.

Some few changes will also be observed in the arrangement of the matter for this number. The addition of eight double pages to each number of the Repository was with special reference to increasing the amount of our selected matter. We shall, therefore, make larger drafts than heretofore upon the choice literary productions of our own country, and especially upon the choicest English periodicals, which have been ordered for that purpose. Heretofore these selections have been grouped together. They have also been put in small type, as a sort of hint to the wearied reader to leap over the chasm, and alight among the editorials. In this number they are intermingled with our original articles, set with the same type, but credited to the sources from whence they were drawn.

**ENLARGEMENT OF THE EDITORIAL AREA.**—The reader will also observe that the editorial area has been enlarged. That this will tend to editorial bondage rather than "freedom" the editor is pretty well aware; but he entered upon the office with the full determination to spare no effort to make the Repository a source of useful intelligence, and healthful and genial influences. He aims to secure for it a hearty welcome from the blithesome and joyous heart of youth, as well as from the staid gravity of years. He has observed that among all classes of society, among the genial influences that inspire an interest in social circles, as well as those which develop and improve our nature, few are more attractive or potent than incident, anecdote, and humor. Indeed, their native wit and inexhaustible fund of anecdote rendered many of our noblest early preachers, not only fascinating social companions, but exceedingly piquant and attractive in the pulpit. Now, the editor has but little of this genial sunshine in his composition, having been constructed after rather a grave model; but he is, nevertheless, willing to throw aside one corner of his grave editorial mantle, and let in this sunshine upon the pages of the Repository. Into this department he will admit nothing that will vitiate the taste or morals. It will combine original as well as selected articles.

We shall devote considerable attention to the current literature

of the day, and shall apprise our readers of the striking events in the literary, scientific, and religious world.

**CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.**—Several new contributors will appear in the current volume. We are happy in having secured, to a great extent, the best writing talent in the Church. We hope also soon to be able to announce that definite arrangements have been made with correspondents, already known to the literary world, in England, France, and China. With reference to the character of our articles, we would now say to all, that, while we shall eschew dull, prosy articles, we are very far from giving the least sanction or even toleration to the idea, that to secure the approbation and patronage of the ladies, a magazine must be filled with love stories or sickly sentimental twaddle. No fouler imputation could be made against the intellect and taste of our lady readers by giving them sound and readable articles on matters of science, of polite literature, of morals, and of religion—especially matters pertaining to the development of female mind and the formation of female character; nor can we doubt the result of such experiment. Our friend "Plebeius," if health and strength permit, will soon resume his sketches of "the old time." They will be none the less interesting and acceptable for being henceforth "sketches" rather than seriatim narrative. We have often been asked, "Who is Plebeius?" We answer, he is one of the early projectors, and has been one of the firm supporters of the Ladies' Repository; and further, that though his *nom' de plume* is Plebeius, he is no plebeian.

**GOSSIP WITH PERSONAL CORRESPONDENTS.**—Our departure from the scene of former labors, when called to the editorial office, was necessarily somewhat abrupt. It is pleasing to know, that "though absent, not forgotten," is still the motto of many a friend. My excellent and loved co-laborer in Poughkeepsie, writes: "I have felt somewhat more lonely than usual since your departure, and have not so much as ventured to take a 'peep' at No. 42." In the language and with the sincerity of David, I can say, "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me," my brother. Another, cast in a somewhat rougher mold, but of equally noble and generous heart, exclaims: "Why, my dear Doctor, who could have believed this of you? What! Gone! I have almost a mind to charge you with running away. But, to be serious, you will never know the painful emotions I felt on learning your departure. Yet it is right you should go." The closing note is too serious to indulge in the vein of the ludicrous touched by the introductory avalanche. A brother in whose taste and judgment, in all that pertains to the fine arts, we have implicit confidence, and whom we had consulted upon the subject of embellishments for the Repository, writes: "Well, 'in the first place,' as we preachers say, I hope you will embellish it with some most excellent editorials, so that your numerous eastern friends can hear from you. Thus you may make some atonement for the wounds you have inflicted on their hearts by leaving. And whatever you write for the Repository, do not let your modesty conceal your name. Let us have the satisfaction of knowing, when we read your articles, that they are from the pen, and *head*, and *heart* of our old friend and fellow-laborer." "Apropos," says a friend, "I have got to be an editor, too, since my appointment to this station! Don't be alarmed now, and suppose that McClinton has resigned in despair since being caricatured in the 'National'; nor that Stevens has worked himself up, and I have been sent for by the Book Committee at New York; nor that the 'wisdom of the *Wise*' has been 'set at naught,' and my services have been called for at Boston; nor yet that a newly hatched nestling of the 'Advocate family' has commenced peeping up here among the hills of Berkshire." We chronicle the above, not merely for the specimen of genuine wit it contains, but also to express our gratification at observing in several secular papers a "Religious Department." We have not yet reached a title of the friendly letters before us; but we can make our "Table" neither longer nor wider, for the printer tells us he has no more room.











